

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for July, 1925.

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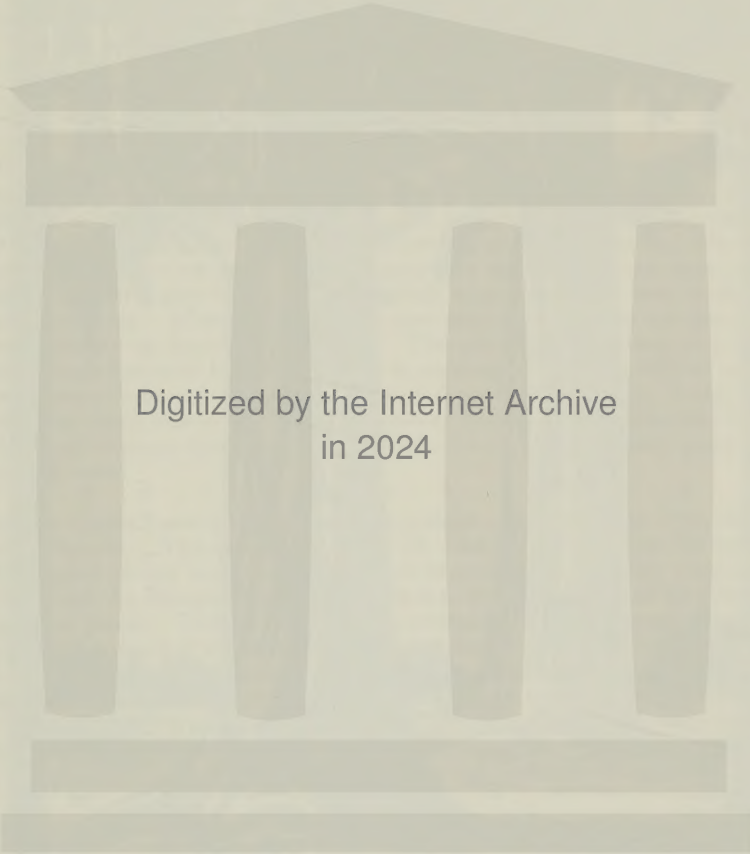
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Dublin Magazine

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BLUE GUM TREES.

From a woodcut by
J. H. PIERNEEF.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1925.

No. 12.

Notes of the Month.

Irishmen are indebted to the *Illustrated London News* for publishing an illustrated descriptive article on the recent discoveries made at Meran by Professor Halbherr of Rome. In a small church in that neighbourhood, originally dedicated to St. Proculus, Bishop of Verona, under frescoes of the 13th century, 8th century frescoes have been revealed, and these latter are undoubtedly the work of Irish monks, come probably from St. Gall, which in ancient times was in the same diocese as Meran. Meran is now in the new Italian province of the Alto Adige ; it was formerly an Austrian possession. The place is best known as a climatic station, much favoured by Germans. It is unfortunately rather difficult of access for sightseers from our country ; but visitors to Northern Italy, if they are at Verona, can reach Meran from there in a railway journey (the line Munich—Verona—Florence) of about five hours ; and Meran for its lovely scenery alone, amply rewards a visit.

* * * * *

Serious thinkers and artists often enter politics ; but almost as often they lose prestige thereby. The case in France of M. Charles Maurras who for years has been engaged in the most sensational kind of journalism is a very singular one. His last book, *La Musique Interieure*, proves that he has lost none of his intellectual integrity or power. Half of the book is a collection of M. Maurras' verse, half a biographical account of his experience of poetry from childhood on, very beautifully told. It is true all M. Maurras' work has a unity, and in *La Musique Interieure* he shows the reader how his taste in poetry, and even the technical forms of his work, can be harmonised with the political views which he advocates. His power of synthesis is highly developed. "Whenever," he writes, "high poetry possesses me, it seems to me to touch, weigh, decide the very fortunes of the world."

* * * * *

Hardly a day passes that M. Maurras does not contribute to the royalist journal, *L'Action Française*, an article of three columns, communicating his discoveries of new Bolshevik or German plots, and his alarm for the immediate ruin of French civilisation. As he makes the flesh creep he tells that the only way of security is the restoration of the King. His colleague, M. Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet, lost a son the other day in mysterious fashion, and accused the police of murder. Again, early last month, one of the minor editors of *L'Action Française*, mistaken for Maurras himself, was killed in the Tube by a shot from a woman's hand. The lady explained that after reading *L'Action Française* she was convinced that she herself was being followed by German spies. She wrote to MM. Maurras and Daudet for protection ; but they did not answer her letters, and in revenge, she decided to shoot one of the men by whose prophecies her nerves had been broken.

Two English writers, Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, come to mind as English correspondences to Daudet and Maurras. They are both energetic journalists and plot discoverers (Mr. Belloc thinks the whole English Parliamentary System is a vast and deliberate plot), as well as poets and essayists. Both identify Germanism with Protestantism, and Protestantism with barbarism, and Mr. Belloc is by way of representing the Roman Latin mentality in England, that mentality which alone, as he tries to show in his books, supports the structure of civilisation. Our Irish essayist, Mr. E. A. Boyd, has already made very good fun of Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his pose as a Roman Englishman; for surely, if ever there was a good "Anglo-Saxon," G.K.C. is one! Whenever we meet an Italian or a Frenchman acquainted with contemporary English literature, we always ask their opinion of the work of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton; almost invariably they reply, "Incomprehensible to a Latin and a Catholic." They find Mr. Shaw far more sympathetic! Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton misunderstand themselves. They are good Anglo-Saxon Catholics and good Anglo-Saxon patriots, and Britain knows them for such. So they escape the violence with which M. Maurras and M. Daudet are continually threatened by the barbarian! No English Protestant, no English Jew, has ever thought of assassinating Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc.

M. Maurras tells of an Irishman who appeared suddenly in the school to which he went in Provence. "One day a young humanist entered into our circle of philosophers and rhetoricians; a child fifteen years of age, whom we called Walter Hart. He was the future Dr. Keating Hart, who having restored (sic) the name of Irish and Mauritian ancestors, was to honour them by fine and useful researches on the cure of cancer which were to cost him his life." It is the same family of Hart, living near Dublin, which the late Mr. J. B. Yeats described in his memoirs. One wonders what brought a member of it to school at Martigues, in the lonely marshes of the Provençal Coast.

A correspondent writes in reference to an allusion in the notes of the May number of the DUBLIN MAGAZINE, to the subsidy granted to Pirandello's Theatre in Rome. It is quite true, he says, that this Roman Theatre has had a lot of money from the Government—four or five times as much as the Abbey Theatre's annual subsidy, but there are wheels within wheels, Romans allege. For some obscure or metaphysical reason the Fascisti regard the Pirandellian drama as one of the blossoms of their movement, and Pirandello himself, it may be remembered, adhered to Fascismo last year at a very critical moment in Mussolini's fortunes. Socialists, liberals and republicans in Italy, therefore, regard the size of the subsidy as something of a scandal! Politics enter everywhere; for many years Italy has been collecting money for a fine encyclopedia which shall rival the Encyclopedia Britannica. Gentile, the philosopher, is the editor. Now Gentile, like Pirandello, is a Fascist; a far-sighted man, he perceived that the enterprise would for that reason be in danger of boycott at the hands of the Anti-Fascists. He was right; the opposition press proclaimed that no one of liberal colour would contribute to a Gentilian encyclopedia. However, the prospectus was published, and it appeared that Gentile—acting in good time, before matters had reached the present pitch—had long ago secured the services of sub-editors, none of whom were Fascisti.

M. Emile Cammaerts was disappointing. He lectured at Trinity College on June 10th, under the auspices of the most enterprising of all the College Societies, the D.U.E. Literary and Dramatic, before a very large audience, on Modern Poetry, but his lecture afforded a very partial survey of the field, embracing, as it did, only the duck-pond-on-the-village-green, the spittoon-in-the-village-pub, and the back-slum and factory-chimney modes. Are we seriously to believe that the school variously known as the "nationalist,"

that of the "Clocher," or as the "domestic," represents the principal direction of contemporary poetry? Francis Jammes is a great poet, even if Miss Letts is not. Claudel may be great, but Braun is certainly insignificant. But surely there are great poets of to-day, the greatest, who have not dwelt exclusively on "la terre et les morts," on their childhood's experiences, and so forth! The Innisfree motive is exceptional in Mr. W. B. Yeats; Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. Roy Campbell, in England, have none of it. In France, surely, M. Henri de Régnier is not unimportant (true he has one or two poems of the "Clocher" type!), and the significant poets of to-day, apart from, and even including some of the neo-classicists, are occupied with the analysis of the sub-conscious or with significant form. They have progressed even beyond the "globalism" and "impressionism" of Verlaine, Rimbaud and the Symbolists to a more subtly analytic, if less direct, transcription of emotion. M. Paul Valéry, M. Jules Romains, M. Jouve, to name only three of so many, have nothing to do with the "Clocher." And if the "Clocher" is to be mentioned M. Cammaerts erred in refusing all recognition—even that of a mention—to the Abbé Louis le Cardonnell, the greatest of all French religious poets, to Jean-Marc Bernard, to M. Louis Pize, to M. Auguste Philippe Garnier, to M. Charles Forot, and many another, all more distinctive and more admirable than those he did mention. The truth is, M. Cammaerts is a Fleming, and gave us the reactionary Flemish view of modern literature, not reactionary in form, for he affects Claudelian *vers libre* and claims descent from Verlaine, but reactionary in attitude and in ideal. M. Alibert is as classical in form as Malherbe, but his point of view would not please a Fleming. Verhaeren was a great poet, but in spite of the praise of M. Cammaerts! No, the poet of to-day seeks to understand all experience, to extract indeed, it may be, the hidden truth as did Proust from the steeples of Martinville or the hedge of hawthorns, and the other experiences of his childhood, but not to sentimentalize about his native village or native slum or his country and her dead!

* * * * *

A correspondent writes: It must be twenty years ago since I first met the late W. B. Reynolds at a Feis of the Glens in Cushendall. He had pounced upon a ballad-singer whose rhymes he was jotting down in hot haste on the fly-leaf of a book, and, as I soon discovered, it was characteristic of Reynolds that the book should be Vilteers de l'Ile Adam's strange drama, "Axel." In those days Reynolds combined musical criticism for the *Belfast Telegraph* with odds and ends of sub-editing, but his real preoccupation was with the building not of one but of endless Jerusalems in Ireland's green and pleasant land. As he fixed one with his glittering spectacles and piled argument on argument, nothing seemed easier than to endow Belfast with an opera-house to rival Bayreuth and an Art Theatre that would outshine Moscow. Yet, not all his cloud-capped towers were built on air. His pioneering zeal did much to clear the foundations for the Ulster Theatre; and I imagine he never enjoyed himself more thoroughly than as editor of its magazine, *Uladh*, whose orange covers he insisted should never be sullied by advertisements. Naturally the paper did not live long, but at least it lived gaily. Reynolds' hand was cramped to a certain extent on the *Telegraph*, but few men did more to improve the standard of musical appreciation in the North. If he was not always a safe critic, his errors were usually on the right side; in fact they sprang from a tempestuous enthusiasm which declined to restrain itself in order to discriminate with scientific precision between fine shades. Bad health combined with heavy routine work, imposed a heavy handicap on Reynolds. Added to this he had a weakness for keeping too many irons in the fire. He has stopped me on the street to outline the scenario of an Irish opera, and the following week sent me by post the opening chapters of a psychological novel. The opera and the novel, his history of folk-music and folk drama were, in a phrase of Balzac, "enchanted cigarettes," but his friends as well as Reynolds shared in the pleasure of smoking them, and his death leaves Belfast the poorer.

Poetry :

Ode.

(From the French of Pierre de Ronsard).

By MONA PRICE.

My poor wits are in bad case
Studying for many days
Old Aratus' ponderous tome,
Time it is abroad to roam
Into flower-filled meadows cool.
Who would praise, except a fool,
Those who crouch in libraries
Heeding not life's ecstasies?
What is study worth unless
To fill our hearts with weariness?
Piling care on heavy care
We who in the end must fare
Down to Hell one eve or morn
Into Pluto's power, forlorn,
Pluto, far too proud and hard
To pardon any wretched bard.
Corydon, before me go
Where best wine is sold, you know!
Make them ice the bottle well,
Then seek out a trellised dell
Lay me in its verdurous shade.
Bring no meat. Be not dismayed
Though 'twere dainty, grant this boon,
Meat is odious in June.
Purchase golden apricots,
Strawberries and cream in clots,
Lettuces and melons take
We will feast beside a lake
Or on banks of amber streams
Silvery-dropping through our dreams,

Or in some flower-fringed grot
Gods might envy us our lot.
When at last refreshed we lie,
Boy, let's laugh until we cry,
Let's forget that one fine day,
Death will grimly come and say:
"Now, at last, I'm one too strong,
"Gallant poet, you've lived too long!"

From a Burmese Palm-leaf.

By M. S. COLLIS.

The verses which follow are my rendering of part of a rare Burmese MS. of the late sixteenth century. The original poem is inscribed upon palm-leaf in the Arakanese dialect. It is in the form called Ra-tu, *i.e.*, it purports to be from a woman to her absent lover; a stanza is given to each month; and familiar sights and sounds of the seasons are so described as to induce the absent lover to return.

I have selected four stanzas, the first, the second, the seventh and the last, as having the most universal interest. Their extreme simplicity and strong feeling bridge the gulf of three centuries and of East and West. There are hardly any allusions which require explanation. At the head of each stanza is given the Burmese name of the month and its English rough equivalent. The Burmese year opens about the end of March and ends with February. At the beginning of the year the woman hopefully offers flowers before the Buddha: at the end she mournfully declares that her offering and her prayers were in vain. The mention in Verse II of "Golden Mrauk-U" indicates that the scenes described are those in and about the capital of the Arakanese kingdom, then at the height of its glory. In Verse III, Tavatimsa is one of the form-worlds, where the soul may rest after death.

I. TABAUNG.—MARCH.

To-day I took early the forest path ;
There a dry wind was driving the withered leaves,
But already the new sprays were on the boughs,
So green, so fresh, that tears came to my eyes.
By the pathside were all the flowers of Tabaung,
Each in his choice place, like a gem well set,
The Silver flower, the Flower-of-a-hundred-passions,
And many more, the forest flowers of spring.
So in the mild air, neither hot nor cold,
Hushed by their odours, prayerfully I went,
Plucking now here, now there a precious flower.
With these I mounted the Pagoda steps
And laid them at the knees of the Exalted.

II. TAGU.—APRIL.

Let me recite my prayer with lifted hands,
Tabaung is over and gone ; Tagu begins ;
The New Year comes ; but I am sorrowful,
For you are far from me at a foreign court.
The rains will soon fall, but you have not written ;
No word, no message of love has come from you.

Have you no longing to return at this season ?
 I heard a bird sing in the forest to-day :
 Its voice was my voice, calling you to come back.
 What if the King of Heaven from his seat on Mount Meru
 Should hear and transport you suddenly to me ?
 Would we not go together to the Water Festival ?
 This year the boat-races are on the Thinganaddi,
 South of the city of Golden Mrauk-U.

VII. TAWTHALIN.—SEPTEMBER.

The last of the rain drops feebly away :
 Tawthalin's ripening glow spreads through the land :
 On every hillside patch of rice men laugh :
 From every hilltop garden they scare birds :
 Watching the crops go yellow, they are cheered.
 The farmer's house is gay with talk and friends :
 Bird-song and bee-drone swell the hum of gladness :
 Filled with all sounds, the forest trembles with life,
 And he that walks in it, feels no fatigue.
 Ah, Love, all the love-thoughts, all the old longings
 Of so many months rise and assail me now ;
 If in this time of Tawthalin we two
 Could lie down side by side on this bed of mine,
 I'd have you as close by me as the gem
 That rests upon my throat ; not the Abodes
 Of Tavatimsa could yield me more bliss,
 For we'd be indivisible and one.

XII. TABODWE.—FEBRUARY.

To-day was the festival of Tug-of-war :
 The cold had gone ; through the mild evening air
 Holiday crowds entered the capital,
 Singing their old songs to the old-time tunes,
 Till the whole city was full of their sound.
 Laughing and shouting in lightheartedness,
 Groups of them gathered at the tugs-of-war,
 Settling their friends and sisters ready in line,
 Urging the girls to grip well on the rope
 And the boys to give a strong pull together.
 So for hours they were happy and highspirited,
 In bright clothes, very bright in their gold ornaments,
 The beat of the band-music always high
 When a new tug began or the victors danced.

Night advanced ; the moon was over the city.
The streets were still full of the same mad crowd
That posed and pirouetted, shouting jests,
Not one of them with any thought of sleep.
I sat on watching ; midnight was long gone ;
The morning cocks were crowing ; still I lingered,
More saddened now by reason of their joy.
But suddenly the sun burst out of ground,
Rousing the birds, making them hop and stretch,
Open their wings and wheel above the tops,
And fill the forest morning with their songs.
My eyes went after them, I saw beyond
Flowers everywhere, on tree and every bush
A fire of flowers, the same wild flowers of spring
I'd plucked a year ago with such fond prayers,
With such fond hopes had laid before the Exalted—
Fond foolish hopes, for you have not come back !

The Divil and Johnny Magee.

By LYNN DOYLE.

IT was my ould grandfather that told me this yarn, so you may guess that it goes a good while back, to a time when people wasn't as well up as they are now, an' believed in a whole lot of things that they wouldn't swallow these days.

My grandfather knew the change that had come over people's minds; an' before he would start the story he would always say that unless you believed in the divil there was no use tellin' it. For it was my grandfather's opinion that in his young days, anyway, the divil was still livin' an' very active, an' that it behoved people, to take no liberties with him, because he was sure to best them in the end. "An' to prove my case," he would wind up, "I'll tell you the story of the Divil an' Johnny Magee."

He told it to me that often that in the end I was able to tell it as well as himself; so it's in my own words I'll give it to you.

It seems that when my grandfather was a young man there was one Johnny Magee kept a public-house at the Ballymawhaw cross roads; an' the same Johnny was a real bad pill. He drank, an' he gambled, an' he cursed, an' he went cock-fightin' on Sundays. A place of worship never seen him from one year's end to the other, an' he would have cheated St. Peter out of the gate-money to Paradise. An' above all, an' what brought him the worst name of the whole lot, he kept very bad drink. But the extraordinary thing was that for many a long year he prospered.

It was a terrible puzzle to everybody, but most of all to the religious people, particularly the clergy. The clergy of all denominations wasn't as mealy-mouthed then as they are now, an' thought very little of denouncin' a man by name if he wasn't just what they thought he should be. Johnny was the text of many a sermon; an' his downfall, in this world an' the next, was speyed for him about every other Sunday in the year.

But seein' that Johnny persisted in thrivin' in this world, they were driv to lay all the more stress on the next. There was only the one way of accountin' for Johnny's success. It was hinted at from one pulpit an' another for a long time; till at last Mr. Gordon, the Presbyterian clergyman of Drumnaquirk, hearin' that two members of his congregation had gone off cock-fightin' with Johnny the Sunday before, gave out plump an' plain that beyond all manner of doubt Johnny had sold himself body and soul to the divil. The

notion was taken up very kindly in the countryside, an' from that time on Johnny was known far an' wide as the Divil's Bargain.

But there was a few level-headed people that didn't see any necessity for bringin' the divil into the matter at all. In the first place Johnny's pub was just alongside the Drumnaquirk Flour Mill. That threw him custom every day of the week, while other publicans had to depend mostly on market an' fair days; an' a man with a mill-dam lappin' up again the back of his house could never run short of cheap drink. Besides all that, there was two or three irreligious rascals to hint that the Reverend Mr. Gordon's sermons were long an' droughty, an' that Johnny's pub bein' only about a couple of hundred yards away, his Sunday afternoon trade by the side-door was as good as two week days to him.

Anyhow, Johnny never minded what people said. He had long lost the fear of his Maker, an' wasn't likely to pay much attention to mankind, or to the divil either, for that matter. In troth, he rather traded on his reputation; for it greatly blew up his name in the district for cuteness an' cunnin'.

But at long last the tide began to turn again him. Constant droppin' wears away a stone, they say, an' in time Mr. Gordon's sermons had an effect even on the light-minded class of people, an' his own rascality done the rest. Folk began to fight shy of Johnny and his public-house, an' his trade fell off. To balance matters, he took to goin' too often to the mill-dam, an' his whiskey got a worse name than ever. One or two desperate pushes at the cards an' the horses made things worse instead of better, an' at last Johnny made up his mind that the only thing for him was a moonlight flittin'. But he had no notion of goin' off empty-handed; an' what bothered him was how to get his fingers on enough cash to give him a fresh start somewhere he wasn't known. The cards had failed him, an' the horses had failed him, an' the last cock-fight had been near ruination altogether. With the state of trade in the pub, there was no chance of gatherin' any money worth talkin' of that way. He was just at his wits' end.

An' then a great notion struck him. I suppose it would be Mr. Gordon's preachin' put it in his head. All at once he stopped cards, an' cock-fightin' an' horse-bettin', an' took to sittin' quietly in his own pub. He wouldn't drink, or he wouldn't sing, or tell a story among his greatest cronies. There he would sit in the bar-parlour looking very melancholy into the fire, an' every now an' then he'd fetch a long sigh an' wag his head without sayin' a word. One an' another of his friends would try to hearten him up an' find out what was wrong, but there was no satisfaction to be had out of Johnny.

At last it began to be talked about outside. One would have

it that somethin' serious had gone wrong with his health, another would maintain it was the goin'-down of his business was what was botherin' him. An' some even made out that he was repentin' of his sins, an' was goin' to turn religious to see if there was any money to be made out of that.

But it was all guess-work, for nobody liked to put a question to him plump an' plain. But one night Peter Short an' him was settin' by themselves in the bar-parlour. Peter had come home out of Ballygullion fair well primed an' on for a bit of a jollification, an' kept doin' his best to stir Johnny up a bit. He might as well have saved his breath. If Johnny had been down in the mouth before, he was ten times more down in the mouth that night. There he sat by the fire sighin' an' mutterin' to himself, till at last Peter could stand it no longer, but put it to Johnny straight out what was the matter with him.

Johnny said nothin' for a wee while; then he took a kind of a frightened skelly behind him.

"I daren't tell ye, Peter," sez he.

Of course, that set Peter all agog, an' he kept at Johnny always to tell him whether it was good or bad, an' swore, an' I suppose meant it, that he wouldn't let on a word to mortal.

Then Johnny got up and barred the door an' the windows, an' after makin' Peter promise again two or three times that he would repeat it to nobody, he told him that for a good while he'd been in a bad way for money. He knew well, he said, the report that people, especially the Reverend Mr. Gordon, had spread about him in the country, an' thinkin' he might as well have the gains as the name, he *had* sold himself to the divil. He had been taken in, too, he said; for though he'd been allowed to dig up a crock of gold big enough to make him an independent gentleman, it had slipped through his fingers with the cards an' the bettin' as fast as he got it, an' now his time was up, an' he had received notice that at twelve o'clock on a certain night, a few weeks away, the divil was comin' to claim his bargain an' carry him off.

When Peter heard this tale he was very sorry he had asked any questions, an' got himself off the premises as quick as he could, an' away home, very badly scared. But, of course, when he got home he told the wife all about it, in a dead secret, an' the next day she told somebody else's wife, still in a secret, an' before a week the whole country-side was ringin' with the news. Within sight of the pub, or easy walk of it, Johnny's own story held pretty good, but the further it travelled the wilder it got, till anythin' above five miles away it was taken for Gospel that the premises had been burned down with fire an' brimstone the Saturday night before, an' that the divil had carried off Johnny Magee before him, squealin', on a broomstick.

By degrees it all simmered down to Johnny's own account of the business, an' a most lamentable sough of talk riz all over the country.

The wily ones laughed an' smelt a trick of some kind or another; but very few of them was goin' to spoil sport, an' most of them spread the story all they could to keep the joke goin'. The religious people be't to believe such a thing could be, an' there was nothin' in Johnny's past life to contradict it. The followin' Sunday every place of worship for miles round was crowded to the doors; half a dozen old weemin was carried out in hysterics out of Mr. Gordon's meetin'-house alone; an' two new religions was started in Belfast.

But curiosity will beat fear any day. Johnny's wee trick soon began to serve his purpose. A constant stream of people visited the pub every day, just to look at Johnny, an' see how he was takin' it; an' the hardier lads made up parties so as to have company goin' home, an' filled the bar every night.

Johnny was cunnin' an' never said a word about the report, good or bad. But he dressed himself in a black suit as if he'd been goin' to a funeral, an' stood behind the bar with a set face, servin' out drink as hard as he could go, but hardly sayin' a word. That was in the daytime, when the more respectable kind of people was there. In the evenin' he'd change his tune, an' get wild and reckless, an' drink with everybody who would ask him, an' sing an' carry on as if he was distracted, every now an' then comin' off that it was a short life an' a merry one for him, throwin' in a string of oaths, an' cryin' that he was afraid of neither man nor divil.

After a while, however, the novelty of the thing begun to show signs of wearin' off, an' trade fell away again; so Johnny played his trump card an' give out to a bar-full of his cronies that the followin' Thursday was his last day in this world, an' that if they'd all turn up at the pub, between him and them there'd be a night of it.

"At twelve o'clock, boys," sez he, "I'm goin' to an upstairs room to lock myself in an' see what'll happen me. I'm layin' in an extra supply of drink, an' if there's any left when I'm gone, an' ye still have the pluck left to drink it, ye can have it for nothin'. It'll be no more good to me."

From that till the Thursday ye might say Johnny's pub was never empty, an' most terrible scenes of drink went on. Johnny couldn't cope with the trade at all, an' in the end had to send for a young nephew of his that lived four or five miles away. The father and mother was no way keen to let the young fellow go; but Johnny promised him the pub after he quit it, an' they all made up their minds it was worth the risk.

By the time the big Thursday come the whole countryside was near gone astray altogether. Some laughed at the whole business

still, an' some still swallowed the story wholesale, an' some hung in the wind an' didn't know what to think; but one thing the bulk of them made up their minds about, an' that was that far-off or near hand they would be about when Johnny went, if he did go.

Long before dusk, people had gathered in crowds on all the roads leadin' to the pub, most folks thinkin' it would be just as well to arrive in time for a daylight drink for fear that, later on, Old Nick might miss his man in the dark an' pick somebody else up, so as not to have his journey for nothin'.

By nine o'clock every road up to the pub was choked with people, young and old, an' even some weemin among them. As for the pub itself it was fairly besieged, men fightin' their way up to the bar, an' Johnny's nephew servin' out drink from the side window as well. Between nine an' ten Johnny seen that supplies would hardly hold out till the divil was due, so he doubled the price of drink; an' I may as well tell you that from that minit the number of people that were sorry the divil was goin' to get him went down about three-quarters.

Still the sale of drink went on near as brisk as ever, but about half-past ten it got a check; for just on the stroke, Mr. Gordon an' his choir marched into the field beside the pub and set up a very dismal skreigh of a psalm. The sound of it brought things home to a good many of the thirsty boys, an' some of them began to slip away; but Johnny went out an' threw two empty porter bottles at the choir and hit the precentor in the ribs with the second one. The choir moved a couple of fields off then, an' hadn't near the same effect, so the pub filled up again as crowded as ever.

But from eleven on there began to be a change. A kind of nervousness began to come on people, even them that had a few drinks in them. The first sign of it was when a porter bottle blew up in the bar-room about a quarter-past eleven. The whole crowd in the bar took to their heels like one man, an' near tore the clothes off each other's backs fightin' their way down the passage. Old Joe Mackay tripped an' fell just outside the door, an' had two ribs broke before they got him trailed from in under people's feet.

When they all found what had frightened them everybody started to laugh, an' a lot went back into the bar, but more than half of them stayed where they were, includin' Johnny's nephew.

The crowd outside in the dark had been gettin' quieter an' quieter, an' gradually drew away from about the front of the pub. After the flurry over the porter bottle had died down, they stopped talkin' among themselves altogether an' stood there without a sound—just a kind of a thickenin' in the darkness. The choir had stopped singin' long before.

An' then all at once the church bell started tollin'. They say

the first clap of it would ha' chilled the very marrow of your bones, comin' in the darkness an' the hush. A kind of a shiver ran through the crowd. Here and there women cried out, an' began to sob ; an' some of the men started to pray.

But when Mr. Gordon heard the bell he lepped up from where he'd been kneelin', callin' to the sexton to follow him, an' marched off to the church. He was an overbearin' big man, everything be't to be done by his orders, an' he had give no orders about ringin' the bell, an' flew into a towerin' rage when he heard the sound of it.

Half a dozen or so followed him an' the sexton—an' when they got to the belfry door it was closed an' locked. Mr. Gordon wasn't a bit daunted, but began to hammer on the door an' to call out for it to be opened, an' when the sexton came up, asked him very sharply had he dared to give the keys to anybody without his authority.

The sexton answered "No, sir," an' drew the key out of his pocket. When he did that, five out of the six men that had followed them turned tail an' made back to the crowd. The sixth man, an' that was my grandfather, followed Mr. Gordon an' the sexton up the belfry stairs; an' when they got into the belfry, an' Mr. Gordon struck a light an' lit a candle, the bell was tollin' every now an' then above their heads, the rope goin' up an' down, an' the end of it twistin' an' tumblin' about the floor; but there was nobody in the room.

My grandfather, bein' a Catholic, stepped down one of the stone stairs, not wishin' to offend Mr. Gordon, an' blessed himself two or three times as well as he could manage, with the knees of him knockin' together an' his teeth chatterin'.

Lookin' in out of the dark he could see Mr. Gordon standin' with the candle in his hand steady as a rock, but his face very white an' stern an' his lips set tight. Then Mr. Gordon motioned to the sexton to go before him, an' the three made their way down the stairs. When they came to the bottom, Mr. Gordon locked the door, and threw the candle on the ground an' put his foot on it.

"Say nothing about this," sez he, very short an' stern. "These poor people mustn't be alarmed."

But the harm had been done already by the men that had run back. As the three went down the church path they could hear the shoutin' an' the clatter of feet, an' when they stepped out on the road the crowd was on top of them before they knew where they were, runnin' like madmen, with hardly a sound. Mr. Gordon was a big burly man an' as obstinate as a mule, an' he stood his ground, however he did it; but my grandfather went with the stream, an' was carried a quarter of a mile down the road before he got clear. In this way he missed what went on at the pub; but if he wasn't

obstinate he was inquisitive, an' he turned back, to hear what had happened at all costs.

It was about a quarter-past twelve when he got to the pub. The door was wide open an' every window in the place lit up. He walked up to the door an' looked in; an' there was nobody to be seen. He listened, and then he tip-toed to the foot of the stairs, an' listened again; but there wasn't a sound. An' all at once a scare came over him worse even than at the church, an' he out of the house an' away towards home as fast as he could run. When he got to the top of the hill above the pub he pulled up an' looked back, an' there was the house with every window bright with lights, but not a soul to be seen or a sound of mortal. So he took to his heels again, an' never checked his foot till he was in his own kitchen.

Next mornin' he heard what had happened.

When the crowd had gone by, Mr. Gordon walked back to the pub an' marched in. It was then past twelve o'clock. There were four men sittin' in the bar, all of them drinkin' whiskey as fast as they could lower it, but still sober. They told Mr. Gordon that Johnny had sworn about ten of his pet cronies to stand by him; but that when the screechin' started outside, an' the crowd began to run, everybody quit the pub but them four selves.

They sat lookin' at Johnny while he made up his cash an' took it away to lock it up in the safe as usual. He was very white and nervous-lookin', they said, but quite cool. At ten minutes to twelve he come back an' beckoned them to follow him upstairs. If anyone of them had had the pluck to run they'd all have run, but nobody had. Johnny brought them to the big back upstairs room. It was empty, barrin' for one chair an' a table, an' four candles on the table. Johnny went over to the window an' closed the shutters, an' hasped them. Then he handed the key of the room to Simon Mageean, one of the four men.

"Lock the door, Simon," sez he, "an' go downstairs. An' at ten minits past twelve come back. There's one bottle of whiskey left, on the table in the bar. Take a drink before you come back. You'll maybe need it."

They made their way down the stairs without a word spoken, an' when they got to the bottom they looked the one at the other to see would they run this time. That minit they heard Johnny's voice upstairs. An' when they listened, here he was singin' an old song at the top of his voice, an' no very improvin' song either.

With that, Simon Mageean slapped his thigh.

"Tut," sez he, "the whole thing's all blethers. Come on into the bar an' have a drink." So they went in an' poured themselves out glasses apiece.

But nobody said very much, an' a minit or two before twelve

they stopped talkin' an' turned to look at the clock. They could hear Johnny singin' away upstairs—an' with the first stroke of twelve his voice stopped dead. There wasn't a sound to be heard in the whole house but the strikin' of the clock, stroke by stroke, an' when it stopped there wasn't a sound at all.

The four men sat there listenin'. Still not a sound; but presently they noticed that the wind was risin'. A draught blew up the hall, an' slammed-to the bar door. It was then they seized on the whiskey bottle an' started drinkin' hard.

When Mr. Gordon came in they told him all had happened. He looked at them for a minit, frownin'.

"Give me the key of the room," he said, holdin' out his hand. He went up the stairs, an' the four men riz an' followed him. An' when they opened the room door, the table an' the chair were there, an' the four candles burnin', an' the shutters closed an' hasped; but Johnny Magee was gone.

Mr. Gordon said never a word, but turned an' went down the stairs an' out of the house, an' the others after him. They left the door open an' the lights burnin', as my grandfather found them later on.

When Mr. Gordon an' the four men that was with him left the pub they walked up the road towards the manse, Mr. Gordon a little in front with his head down on his breast, still not sayin' a word. When they came to the manse gate he bid the men good-night, an' told them to go quietly home an' say their prayers an' go to bed.

Next morning the pub was standin' as they had left it; an' all that day, an' for two or three days after, I suppose half the country passed up an' down by it, but nobody went in. Then Mr. Gordon an' the owner of the mill went an' closed it, an' had the windows nailed up. It stood there for years, empty—for Johnny's nephew never claimed it—an' gradually it fell to ruins. Even the trade of the mill began to fall off, an' in time it was closed, too, an' fell into decay.

You might have thought there would have been powerful excitement an' talk in the country about the affair; but there was not. Everybody was too much scared to want to say anythin'; an' besides there was a kind of a notion that it cast a slur on the district, an' that for everybody's credit it was better to hush the whole thing up.

Even Mr. Gordon kept himself very quiet; an' though for a long time afterwards he preached very wicked again horses an' cards an' cock-fightin', an' give the divil a bitter hard name in connection with all three, he never mentioned Johnny's business at all, or spoke of him from the pulpit by name.

It was just as well, too. For after five or six years had gone by,

the sexton of his own church took his last sickness an' sent for Mr. Gordon before he died, an' confessed that him an' Johnny had planned the whole trick. He himself had managed the tollin' of the bell with a cord to his wee son up a tree in the churchyard, an' had helped Johnny to rig a rope across the mill-dam from the upstairs room, an' took it down in the early hours of the mornin' after Johnny was safe away.

When my grandfather got to this point he always stopped an' fumbled with his pipe, to give people a chance of sayin' somethin' or askin' a question.

Somebody or other was near sure to say—in truth, at times a bit disappointed—"An' so the divil didn't get Johnny at all?"

And then my grandfather would go on again as if nobody had spoke.

"Mark now," he would say, "how well Johnny had it all thought out. The tollin' of the bell frightened the people away when all the drink had been sold. The singin' of the song upstairs covered up the noise of the shutters openin' an' closin'. Johnny had scraped the slit between the two leaves of the shutters. When he was outside he just slipped in his knife an' hasped them again; an' off he went across the rope, laughin', ye may swear, at both the divil an' his neighbours, an' with forty-three pound eight an' tuppence in his pocket."

"An' how do you know he had just that amount in his pocket?" somebody would ask.

"I'll tell you that, too," my grandfather would say. "When the dam went dry, twenty years after all this, that was the exact money in the wee bag that was found lyin' in the bottom, among Johnny's bones."

"The divil *may* be dead," my grandfather would wind up; "an' I hope he is; for he was a very antic boy when he was livin'."

More Reminiscences of Leonid Andreyev.

By MAXIM GORKI.

Authorised translation from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky.

THERE was scarcely a single fact, scarcely a single problem, which Leonid Andreyev and I looked at in the same way; but innumerable differences did not prevent us, for years, from regarding each other with an intensity of interest and of consideration which is seldom the result of even a long-standing friendship. We were indefatigable in our discussions—I remember we once sat uninterruptedly for over twenty hours and drank several samovars of tea—Leonid swallowed an incredible quantity of tea. He was a wonderfully interesting talker, inexhaustible, witty. Although his mind always manifested a stubborn tendency to peer into the darkest corners of the soul, nevertheless his thought was so alert, so capriciously individual that it readily took grotesque and humorous forms. In a conversation among friends he could use his sense of humour flexibly and beautifully, but in his stories he unfortunately lost that capacity, so rare in a Russian.

Indifferent to facts of actuality, sceptical in his attitude to the mind and will of man, it would seem that the idea of laying down the law, of playing the teacher, ought not to have attracted him. That is a rôle inevitable for one familiar—much too familiar—with reality. But our very first conversation clearly indicated that, whilst possessing all the qualities of a superb artist, he wished to assume also the pose of a thinker and philosopher. This seemed to me dangerous, almost hopeless, chiefly because his stock of knowledge was oddly poor. And one always felt as though he sensed the nearness of an invisible enemy, that he was arguing intensely with someone and wanted to subdue him.

It is very difficult to speak of a man whom you know, and know profoundly.

That sounds like a paradox, but it is true; when the mysterious thrill that emanates from the flame of another's ego is felt by you, agitates you—you fear to touch with your oblique heavy words the invisible rays of the soul that is dear to you; you fear lest you express things wrongly. You don't want to mutilate what you feel

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and what is almost indefinable in words; you dare not enclose in your constricted speech that which is the essence of another, even though it be universally valid, of human value.

It is much easier and simpler to speak of what you feel less vividly. In such cases you can add a great deal, indeed anything you like, for yourself.

I think that I comprehended Leonid Andreyev clearly; to be more exact, I saw that he was treading a path overhanging a precipice, a precipice that leads to the slough of madness, a precipice at the mere contemplation of which the sight of the mind is blown out.

Great was the force of his imagination; but notwithstanding the continuous and strained attention which he gave to the humiliating mystery of death, he could not imagine anything beyond it, nothing majestic or comforting—he was after all too much of a realist to invent comfort for himself, even though he wished it.

This preference of his for treading the path over the void was above all that kept us apart. I had passed through Leonid's mood long before—and through natural human pride, it became organically revolting and humiliating to me to reflect on death. The time had come when I said to myself: while that which feels and thinks in me is alive, death dare not touch that power.

In his "Collected Works," which he presented to me in 1915, Leonid wrote:

"Beginning with *Bergamot* [Andreyev's first story in *The Courier*] all that is contained here has been written, has passed before your eyes, Alexey: it is to a large extent the history of our relations."

This, unfortunately, is true. Unfortunately, because I think it would have been better for Andreyev had he not introduced "the history of our relations" into his stories. Yet he did it too readily, and in his haste to "refute" my views he thereby spoiled his whole. It seemed it was just in my personality that he had embodied his invisible enemy.

After one of the many arguments we had he sent me the proofs of his story, *The Wall*; and with reference to his *Ghosts* he said to me:

"The lunatic [in the story] who knocks is myself, and the energetic Yegor is you. You really possess confidence in your powers; that is your obsession and the obsession of all your fellow romantics, idealisers of reason, uprooted from life by their dream."

The outcry roused by his story, *The Abyss*, unnerved him. People ever ready to cater for the gutter press began writing all

sorts of unpleasant things about Andreyev, going so far in their calumnies as to approach absurdity. Thus a certain poet announced in a Kharkov paper that Andreyev and his fiancée bathed with no costumes on.

Leonid plaintively asked: "What does he think then, that one must bathe in a frock-coat? And he lies, too. I did not bathe either with a fiancée or *solo*. I have not bathed for a whole year—there was no river to bathe in. Look here, I have made up my mind to print and have posted on the hoardings a humble request to readers—a brief one:

"Yours is bliss
Who don't read 'Abyss!'"

He was excessively, almost morbidly, attentive to his press notices, and always, with sadness or with irritation, complained of the barbarous coarseness of the critics and reviewers: once he even wrote to the press to complain of the hostile attitude adopted towards him personally.

"You should not do this," he was advised.

"Yes, I must. Otherwise these people, in their zeal to reform me, will cut off my ears or scald me with boiling water . . ."

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I write as my memory prompts me, with no care for sequence or for chronology.

In the Moscow Art Theatre, when it was still in the Karetny Row, Leonid introduced me to his fiancée—a slim, fragile girl with lovely clear eyes. Modest, reserved, she appeared to me unoriginal; but I soon became convinced that she was a person of an understanding heart.

She realised splendidly the need of a maternal, watchful attitude to Andreyev, at once and deeply she comprehended the significance of his talent and the tormenting fluctuations of his mood. She was one of those rare women who, capable of being passionate mistresses, are yet able to love with the love of a mother. This double love armed her with a subtle knowledge, so that she had a marvellous understanding of the genuine complainings of his soul as well as of the high-sounding words of a capricious passing mood.

As is known, a Russian "for a word that is witty shows his mother no pity." Leonid, too, was very much carried away by words that were "witty," and at times composed maxims in very dubious taste.

"A year after marriage a wife is like a well-worn boot; one does not feel it," he said once in the presence of Alexandra Mikhailovna [his wife]. She was capable of taking no notice of such phrase-making, and at times even found these pranks of the tongue witty,

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and laughed caressingly. But, possessing in a high degree the sense of self-respect, she could—if need be—show herself very obstinate, even immovable. There was subtly developed in her the taste for the music of words, for forms of speech. She was small, lithe, elegant and at times somewhat amusingly, childishly grave—I nicknamed her “Lady Shura”¹—the name stuck to her.

Leonid valued her, and she lived in constant concern for him, in a continuous tension of all her powers, her personality was completely sacrificed to her husband's interests.

At the Andreyev's house in Moscow authors often met together, it was very crowded and cosy. “Lady Shura's” lovely eyes, smiling caressingly, restrained to a certain extent the “breadth” of Russian natures. Chaliapin often put in an appearance, fascinating everyone with his stories.

When “Modernism” was in full flower an attempt was made at the Andreyev gatherings to understand it. But on the whole it was condemned, which was much the simplest way. There was no time to think seriously of literature; war and politics were of first importance. Blok, Byely, Bryusov appeared as “isolated provincials”; in the most favourable opinion—queer fellows; in the least favourable—something like traitors to “the great traditions of the Russian Commonwealth.” I also thought and felt like that. Was it the time for a “Symphony” when the whole of Russia was gloomily making ready to dance the *trepak*? Events were moving towards a catastrophe, the symptoms of its approach were becoming ever more and more ominous. The Social Revolutionaries were throwing bombs, and each explosion shook the whole country, calling forth an intense expectation of a fundamental overthrow of social life. It was in Andreyev's flat that the sittings of the Central Committee of the Social Democrats—the Bolsheviks—took place; and once the whole Committee, together with the host, was arrested and carried off to prison.

Having spent a month in prison Andreyev came out as though from the pool of Siloam—hearty and cheerful.

“It does one good to be tied down,” he said, “it makes you want to fly out in all directions!”

And he laughed at me.

“Well now, pessimist. Is not Russia coming to life? And you rhymed ‘autocracy—gone rusty’.”

He published then his stories *The Marseillaise*, *The Alarm*, *The Story which will never be finished*. But already in October, 1905, he read to me the MS. of his story *As it was*.

“Is it not premature?” I asked.

¹ “Shura” is the diminutive endearing of Alexandra.

"The good is always premature . . ." he answered.

Soon he went off to Finland, and was right in doing so: the senseless brutality of the December events would have crushed him. In Finland he was active politically; he spoke at meetings, published in the Helsingfors papers bitter attacks on the policy of the Monarchists. But his mood was depressed, his view on the future hopeless. In Petersburg I received a letter from him. Among other things he wrote: "Each horse has its inborn peculiarities, nations too. There are horses for which all roads lead to the public house: our country is now turned towards a goal most beloved by it, and for a long time it will go on in a drunken frenzy."

A few months later we met in Switzerland, at Montreux, Leonid jeered at the life of the Swiss: "We people of large plains can't live in these cockroach holes," he would say.

It appeared to me he had become somewhat faded, dimmed; a glassy expression of fatigue and of disquieting sadness showed in his eyes. Of Switzerland he spoke as flatly, as superficially, and in the same words as the freedom-loving inhabitants of Tchukhloma, Konotop and Tetiushi have been wont to speak for ever so long. One of these defined the Russian notion of freedom profoundly and pointedly in these words: "In our town we live as in a public bath, without restrictions, without ceremony."

About Russia Leonid spoke reluctantly and tediously, and once, sitting by the fireplace, he recalled a few lines of Yakoubovitch's melancholy poem, "To my Country":

"Why should we love thee,
Art thou our mother?"

"I have written a play. Shall we read it?"

And in the evening he read *Savva*.

While he was still in Russia, hearing about young Ufimtsev and his comrades who attempted to blow up the icon of the Virgin of Kursk, Andreyev decided to work this episode into a story, and at that very time he at once created the plan of the story and definitely outlined the characters. He was particularly fascinated by Ufimtsev, a poet in the domain of scientific technique, a youth who possessed the undoubted talent of an inventor. Exiled to the Semiretchensk province, I believe, to Karkaraly, living there under the strict surveillance of men ignorant and superstitious, who denied him the necessary tools and materials, he invented an original motor of internal combustion, perfected the cyclostyle, worked on a new system of dredging, invented a "permanent cartridge" for sporting guns. I showed the designs of his motor to engineers at Moscow,

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and they told me that Ufimtsev's invention was very practical, ingenious and clever. I don't know the fate of all these inventions, —having settled abroad I lost sight of Ufimtsev.

But I knew that young man. He was one of those superb dreamers who, carried away by their belief and love, march in different ways to one and the same goal—the arousing in their people of that sensible energy that creates goodness and beauty.

I was sad and vexed to see that Andreyev had distorted such a character, as yet untouched in Russian literature. It seemed to me that in the story, in the way it had been conceived, that character should have found the appreciation and the tone worthy of it. We had a little argument, and perhaps I spoke rather sharply of the necessity of representing exactly certain—most rare and positive—phenomena of actuality.

Like all people of a definitely circumscribed “ego,” with a keen perception of their “selfness”—Leonid did not like being contradicted. He took offence, and we parted coldly.

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(To be continued.)

The Betrayal.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY:

GIDEON LEFROY, *the keeper of an inn.*

MORGAN LEFROY, *his brother. A Magistrate.*

A BELLRINGER.

PEG THE BALLAD-SINGER.

The action of the Play takes place in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.

THE Scene is an Inn-room in a country town. It was once of some fair degree of pretension and elegance, such as might be found in some old Georgian manor fallen into evil hands and ways. The principal feature is a large window in the centre up stage wall. This window must be of sufficient size so that outsiders can look into the room and the audience can even be allowed to see a considerable part of the outlook as well. Several references in the text, such as "down there," can be explained by raising the outer floor a distance above the street level, and adding an outer vestibule and short flight of steps, as the action of the play absolutely precludes the usual outer hallway, and also the possibility that the room could be upon the second floor of the house.

The walls should be of plaster above the wainscotting, dull, grimy, dirty, and possibly cracked and broken as well. The wood-work, once white, would now be a dirty grey, or possibly even repainted into dirty yellow brown or light green; the furniture, odds and ends, rather sparse, old oak, and the curtains should be worn, faded brown or green. The window might also be shuttered. Finally, a general dusty and vacant air should pervade the interior, and the lights should be those of late afternoon or coming dusk. The entrance is at back. Near the entrance is an upright desk. Before the window is a large table. At the back is a large sideboard.

Morgan Lefroy, a large, overbearing man, and his brother, Gideon Lefroy, a meagre and dissatisfied-looking man, are in the room. They are regarding each other as if there were some conflict between them.

MORGAN.—Anyway, brother, I'll have my dinner here.

GIDEON.—What will you have for your dinner?

MORGAN.—What is there for dinner?

GIDEON.—Salmon.

MORGAN.—I had salmon at the Bishop's yesterday, and salmon at Shirley's the day before. Is there nothing in this country but salmon?

GIDEON.—There's nothing else in this house, Morgan.

MORGAN.—Very well, my good brother. Let me have your salmon.

(He sits at table. He takes out a deck of cards and lays them before him).

GIDEON.—You must be at the cards, brother Morgan.

MORGAN.—You had to be once, brother Gideon.

GIDEON.—I can keep my hands off the cards now.

(Outside the Bellman's voice and bell are heard).

BELLMAN.—Five hundred pounds Reward. Five hundred pounds Reward will be given to the person or persons who will give such information as will lead to the committal of the person or persons who murdered Isaac Hackman, Sergeant in His Majesty's Army.

MORGAN.—Five hundred pounds reward! Five hundred pounds reward! And no way to come by it.

GIDEON.—Ah, if you could only get the reward into your hands, Morgan!

MORGAN.—Your fingers, I am sure, are itching for it.

GIDEON.—No more than your own, brother Morgan.

MORGAN.—It's a pity we can't come to it.

(The steps of the Bellman have been heard approaching. He comes to the door of the room ringing his bell. He comes in. He is fantastically attired, wearing the red, torn coat of a soldier, and with straw wrapped around his bare legs).

THE BELLMAN.—Five hundred pounds reward—for information—that will lead to the strangulation—of the person or persons who sent to damnation—Isaac Hackman—a sergeant by persuasion.

MORGAN.—Your place is in the street, my man.

THE BELLMAN.—A salmon I bear—with all my care—for Gideon Lefroy, his honour there. *(He shows a salmon wrapped in straw).*

GIDEON.—Leave it there. *(The Bellman puts the salmon down).* Who sent you in with this?

BELLMAN.—A man over there—the fish made me bear.

MORGAN.—I suppose he would not come in here himself when he saw that I was here.

BELLMAN.—As far as I know—he would not go—when your honour was seen in the street below.

MORGAN.—The people outside might think you were informing on them, eh?

BELLMAN (*at the door*).—You may drain the rivers and drag the ponds—but it's a man under bonds will put a man under bonds.

MORGAN.—Come back, my man.

THE BELLMAN.—My errand's rendered, and my duty's tendered (*he goes out*).

MORGAN.—“The man under bonds will put another under bonds.” Had he any meaning in that, Gideon?

GIDEON.—No meaning at all. It's a way they have of talking. They're always saying rhymes out of old ballads.

MORGAN.—Well, Maunders might as well keep the shilling that he is paying the Bellman. The town is filled with people, but there isn't one of them that would tell who murdered the government agent—no, not for five times five hundred pounds reward.

GIDEON.—That's true. Not one of them would tell. It's their religion, you might say, not to inform on one another.

MORGAN.—And so neither you nor I nor anyone else will get that five hundred pounds. I wish to Heaven I could get some of it into my hands.

GIDEON (*with an excitement that is mastering him*).—I have a way, Morgan.

MORGAN.—A way of what?

GIDEON.—Of getting the five hundred pounds reward.

MORGAN.—What's the way? Speak out and let us hear it. Has a notion come into that narrow head of yours? Well, what's the way?

GIDEON.—It is a way, I tell you. Listen, Morgan. Suppose we could get someone in the street below to come up here; suppose one of us talked to him in full view of the crowd, he not thinking of the crowd at the time. . . . Oh, but we can't get it done!

MORGAN.—Go on, go on, Gideon.

GIDEON.—Wouldn't they think that he was telling one of us who killed Isaac Hackman? Wouldn't they be sure to kill him when he went down amongst them? Wouldn't he know that they would be for killing him, and then . . .

MORGAN.—What then?

GIDEON.—Wouldn't he tell us everything—everything for the protection we could give him?

MORGAN.—We could well give them the chance of seeing what's happening here. I suppose it was this gave you the idea—standing at this window and watching the street below the last day that the fair was here?

GIDEON.—No, that's not the way it came into my mind. I was sitting at this table and the curtain of the window was open. A drunken peasant came up to talk to me about business. We sat down here, and were talking for a while. Suddenly the man's face

went white as death. "They're watching us," he said. There was a throng at the blacksmith's forge over the way, and they were all looking into the room. I knew what the crowd had in its mind.

MORGAN.—They thought that the fellow talking with you was betraying the man who murdered Isaac Hackman, eh?

GIDEON.—That was it. "By my soul," said the fellow, "I was nearly turning the hands of the people against me. If it was Morgan Lefroy I was facing, I'd never leave the town alive." Well, I may say that that was what put the notion into my mind. Next day I thought it clean out.

MORGAN.—Yes, it is a plan, and a good plan. Here's a room with a wide window to it. Anyone who comes here when the shutters are open, must be seen by the crowd below.

GIDEON.—If we could get one of them to come up here and talk to yourself privately! Every one in the fair would have their eyes on the two of you. The word would go round that the person with you was giving away the names of them that were concerned in the murder of Isaac Hackman.

MORGAN.—And we know what would happen then, Gideon.

GIDEON.—The people, I tell you, would become like maddened cattle. A woman would think that her brother, or son, or husband was being betrayed. God help the person that was here when they'd go down amongst the people.

MORGAN.—They'd need a company of soldiers to protect them, and to get that, they'd have to turn to us.

GIDEON.—And we'd give them protection on condition that they gave us the names of those concerned in the murder of Isaac Hackman.

MORGAN.—Ah, it's a masterly notion, brother Gideon.

GIDEON (*flattered*).—If I was out of the bogs of Connaught, I might make something of myself.

MORGAN.—Yes, if you were in Dublin you might be sure of a government post.

GIDEON.—This affair might bring me into notice.

MORGAN.—It might. Well, if we carry it through, how much of the reward will you claim?

GIDEON.—Half the five hundred pounds reward.

MORGAN.—I'll give you an agent's commission.

GIDEON.—That wouldn't be enough for me, brother Morgan. It was I and not you who thought of the plan.

MORGAN.—That's so, that's so, brother Gideon. But you by yourself could never carry the plan out. It needs a man like me—it needs a man with the presence and the reputation of Morgan Lefroy to carry that business through. I'll play a game of cards with you. If you win, I'll make it halves.

GIDEON.—I'm not like you—I can keep my hands off the cards.

MORGAN.—I daresay. But then it's only a fellow like me—a fellow that takes chances and that likes taking chances—who could handle that scheme of yours. I gambled away my sinecure in Dublin Castle, and the rage for gambling hasn't abated in me.

GIDEON.—Your winnings in this place won't make you popular—I'll tell you that, brother Morgan. Young Shirley came in here this morning to leave something you had won from him.

MORGAN.—And did he leave it here?

(Gideon goes to press. He opens it and takes out a sword-stick. He brings it to Morgan, who takes it and examines it with relish).

MORGAN.—This is the sword-stick that he made such a swagger with. *(He unscrews it)*. The blade is Spanish steel. *(He leaves it on table)*. It came to our pledging the things we boasted of—his sword-stick and my brace of blood-hounds. Now I have the sword-stick. *(As he lays out the cards, Gideon is drawn to the table almost as if hypnotised. He takes up the cards that Morgan deals out)*.

MORGAN *(flattering Gideon)*.—As you were saying, Gideon, this affair might bring you into notice.

GIDEON.—It should. There isn't one here that knows these people but myself—not one. Maunders with his shilling Bellman! Much good it will do to send that fellow through the fair!

MORGAN.—No good, no good at all!

GIDEON.—Maunders doesn't know them. And look at the place the Government has given him!

MORGAN.—Ah, if it weren't for our scheme, brother Gideon—

GIDEON.—My scheme, Morgan, my scheme.

MORGAN.—So it is. It's your scheme. Aye, it's a masterly notion, brother Gideon. Did you play?

GIDEON.—There's my card. *(Gideon wins. They play again)*.

MORGAN.—And there's mine. That leaves me winners, I think.

GIDEON *(scrutinizing cards)*.—Aye, that leaves you winners.

MORGAN *(rising)*.—Bring me the brandy.

(Gideon goes to sideboard, and brings bottle and glasses. Morgan pours out liquor).

MORGAN.—The usual toasts! Here's to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of King William the Third! *(He drinks)*.

GIDEON.—How much am I to get?

MORGAN.—An agent's commission, I said.

GIDEON.—And how much might your agent's commission be?

MORGAN.—Fifty pounds.

GIDEON.—Fifty pounds isn't enough. My notion is worth more than that.

MORGAN.—I save you all the trouble, and all the danger—the danger, mind you—of working your notion out.

GIDEON.—Very well, then. Let us say fifty pounds for the notion. How much for the rest?

MORGAN.—What are you talking about?

GIDEON.—You can have my notion for fifty pounds, but you can't have anything else, brother Morgan.

MORGAN.—What else can't I have? Your good will, eh?

GIDEON.—You can't have this room, for one thing.

MORGAN.—I think, brother Gideon, that you think you can play with me.

GIDEON.—And do you think you can play with me? The people outside are no friends of mine. They don't give me much of their custom. But I have to live amongst them, and it wouldn't serve me if my house had the name you would put upon it.

MORGAN.—Gideon, you cur, don't you know that I, as magistrate, could quarter a company of soldiers on you that would eat you bare as bones?

GIDEON.—Could the like of that be done on a loyal man?

MORGAN.—It could, and I'm the man to have it done.

GIDEON.—Very well, then. You can have what you want. But what are we talking about, anyway? None of the men in the street will come up to this room when they know that you are in the place.

MORGAN.—I have luck, I tell you, I have luck.

(There is a knock at the door.)

GIDEON.—It must be someone from the street. No one else knocks.

MORGAN.—Open the door, Gideon.

GIDEON.—You're luck is not for to-day, Morgan.

MORGAN.—Open the door.

(Gideon opens the door. A woman of about thirty is seen waiting there. She is barefooted, and she wears the enveloping cloak that women in parts of Connaught still wear. She is agitated, but there is something stately in her bearing.)

GIDEON.—Who are you?

WOMAN.—They call me Peg the Ballad-singer.

GIDEON.—What have you come here for?

WOMAN.—To speak with his honour, Mr. Morgan Lefroy.

MORGAN.—And what can I do for you, Peg the Ballad-singer?

PEG.—I ran beside your horse when your honour was going to a meeting of the magistrates, and your honour made a promise to me.

MORGAN.—And what promise did I make to you?

PEG.—Your honour promised that you would see me in this place and on this day.

MORGAN.—I did, eh? That's something I hadn't thought of. Well, here I am. Here I am and here you are, Peg. (*He makes a motion indicating the whole of the room*). And I'll talk to you here, and I'll listen to what you have to say.

PEG.—Your honour's over-good to a poor woman.

MORGAN.—Do you hear what she says, Gideon?

GIDEON (*at the table beside him*).—You'll be brought down, you'll be brought down, Morgan. (*He drinks brandy from glass and bottle left on table*).

MORGAN.—Dinner in an hour, Gideon. And mind how you treat me. It will be to your peril if you do not serve me to my liking. But first go down and give the people outside the messages that I spoke to you about before, the messages that I want delivered to them.

(*Gideon drinks more brandy, then goes out of door. His voice is heard speaking, as Morgan opens shutters of window and stands in view of the people outside*).

GIDEON'S voice.—Mr. Morgan Lefroy is here, and he bids me tell the people from Nobber that he is making a new avenue to his house, and he orders the people to send round horses and men for the work, as is their duty.

MORGAN.—An old woman out there says that Hell gapes for me. I know her. She always says that. And just because her son was amongst the batch I got transported.

(*From the moment of the woman's entrance, Morgan Lefroy's manner has changed; he is no longer violent; he is alert and careful*).

MORGAN (*to Peg*).—Well, here I am, my good woman. And what have you to say to me?

PEG.—My brother! I come to you about my brother.

MORGAN.—And what do you want me to do about your brother?

PEG.—My brother is in gaol. Oh, if your honour will not speak for him he will be shot down to-morrow or the day after.

MORGAN.—And why will your brother be shot down?

PEG.—First he listed, and then he ran away from the soldiers.

MORGAN.—He deserted, is that what he did? Deserted from the King's Army?

PEG.—You might say that, your honour.

MORGAN.—And you want me to do something for him?

PEG.—To write a letter to the Colonel for him, for my brother Terence. Oh, if your honour would only do that!

MORGAN.—Is there anyone who would speak for him?

PEG (*eagerly*).—Outside, is it, your honour?

MORGAN.—Aye, outside.

The Betrayal

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(Peg goes to the window).

PEG.—There's a crowd at the blacksmith's forge, and everyone in it could speak for him and for me.

MORGAN.—Give me their names.

PEG.—Is it the names of the people outside, the people who would speak for my brother and myself?

MORGAN.—Aye. Give me their names. The names! I will write them down. For the letter that I am to send to Colonel Maunders.

PEG.—There's Mainey Kelly, Cormac Farragher, Shaun O'Gorman, Hugh O'Keefe. *(She turns and notices the way he is watching her).* Oh, your honour, sure you intend no harm to me?

MORGAN.—No, no. What harm could I mean for you? Give me the names again, and I will write them down. Else there will be no use in your taking this letter to Colonel Maunders.

PEG.—Mainey Kelly, Cormac Farragher, Shaun O'Gorman. A woman has gone down on her knees. It's Mary Sullivan. She is praying that I may win the life of my brother.

MORGAN.—Let that be as it may. I have the names down that you gave me. And now I want to ask you something.

PEG.—What is it, your honour?

MORGAN.—You know everything that the people outside knows?

PEG.—I do, your honour. And more than they know. More, more!

MORGAN.—What more do you know?

PEG.—Something that was handed down to me by my father, and from his father's father.

MORGAN.—And what is that?

PEG.—The knowledge that there was once learning in Nobber, and the way of showing that there was.

MORGAN.—Learning! In Nobber! Well, well. Why didn't they take the trouble of handing you down knowledge of something that was worth while.

PEG.—Your honour wouldn't care about the learning that the people had, why would you? But my father and his father's father cared about it. There were books in their keeping. And when the last book was gone, my father made me learn——

MORGAN.—I hope it was a way to come to hidden gold.

PEG.—No, your honour. Nothing like that. Only an old ancient poem that was made by a Queen in the old days in Ireland.

MORGAN.—You can say it for me. Come, let me hear it.

PEG.—Queen Gormlai was her name, and, like many another, she came to poverty.

MORGAN.—Stand this way and say it for me.

(He motions Peg to come to a place where she can be seen from the street. At first Peg speaks the verse diffidently. Then the situation in the poem dominates her and controls her agitation).

PEG.—The Queen said:—

Unseemly is the rag
That's for my back to-day:
Patched and double-patched—
The hodden on the grey.

Not fingers that e'er felt
Fine things within their fold,
Drew needles in and through,
And smoothed out the fold.

Here, here, I am begrudged
Even the candle's light
To put it on, the garb
That leaves me misbedight

O, skinflint woman, Mor,
Who knows that I speak true—
I had women once—
A Queen's retinue!

Light of hand and apt,
And companionable:
Seven score women, Mor,
I had at my call.

A blue Norse hood had I,
Watching the hardy turns
And feats of Clann O'Neill—
We drank from goblet-horns

A crimson cloak I wore,
When, with Niall the King,
I watched the horses race
At Limerick in the Spring!

In Tara of King Niall
The gold was round the wine,
And I was given the cup—
A furze-bright dress was mine!

Now this old clout to wear,
With root-like stitches through—
Not hands that worked for Queens,
Nor fine things felt made you!

The bramble is no friend,
It pulls at me and drags;
This thorny ground is mine,
Where briars tear my rags!

MORGAN.—So that is what was given to you to remember?

PEG.—To show that there was once learning in Nobber, your honour.

MORGAN.—Well, there was an old poem handed down to me, too, from my father and my father's father:—

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lillubollero O,
There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
That Ireland would be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lillubollero O.

(At these words from the song of a dominating party, Peg the Ballad-singer bends her knees).

MORGAN.—I know no more of it than that. Well, we'll get to our business. So the people outside will speak for you, eh? For you and your brother?

PEG.—They will, your honour, and be glad to do it, and they would be proud that their words were taken by your honour.

MORGAN *(at the window)*.—But they are all looking at you very strangely, Peg?

PEG.—Is the sight of a woman begging for the life of the one nearest to her so strange to them?

MORGAN.—That woman is not praying—she is cursing.

PEG.—And there's another woman on her knees. God help me that has to beg my brother's life from a man cursed by the people!

MORGAN.—You think that it is me that they are cursing. You are mistaken. It is you that the people outside are cursing.

PEG.—Me! But how can that be?

MORGAN.—I don't know what has happened. But I know that you daren't go out amongst them now.

PEG.—What happened? What happened to make them like this?

MORGAN.—I know. I know now what has happened.

PEG.—Tell me. Oh, your honour, tell me.

MORGAN.—This is it. Seeing you with me, seeing you talking to me so familiarly, they think . . . Blood and 'ouns, don't you know what they think?

PEG.—No, no, your honour. Tell me!

MORGAN.—They think—and how easy it is for them to think it—they think that you have been giving me the names of those who killed Isaac Hackman!

PEG.—My God, my God!

(She goes to the window as if to address frantically the people outside. But the sight of them strikes her dumb. She cowers at the window. Gideon Lefroy opens small door L, and rushes over to the table where his brother is standing).

GIDEON.—Brother Morgan!

MORGAN.—What are you here for, Gideon?

GIDEON.—For judgment upon you because of your unrighteous dealing.

MORGAN.—You have been filling that dry skin of yours with your righteous brandy.

GIDEON.—I know that your iniquity is as a winter's night, dark and terrible. Thou art hardened in thine iniquity. Thine iniquity is as brass hardened in the workshop; yea, thou art all brass, and as brass thou shalt be broken up, and not left standing any more. I have been moved to say this to you.

MORGAN.—Be off!

GIDEON.—The mouth that has filled itself with curses shall be silenced, Morgan.

MORGAN.—What do you want? Tell me and get out of this.

GIDEON.—Art thou sober, Morgan?

MORGAN.—More sober than you are, you canting dog!

(Morgan takes up the sword-stick as if to strike him with it).

GIDEON.—Yes, Morgan, you hold the rod of your iniquity before me. This is it, this that you boast of for a sword-stick! Where did it come from? You boast that you won it in your gambling riotings.

You staked a brace of blood-hounds against it. Now will your iniquity be established. They were by a dog——

MORGAN.—Out of this or I'll hurt you—I will, by God!

GIDEON.—Hurt me as well as rob me, aye, you would do that, Morgan. I ask you where the dog came from that that litter was by? He was here—I fed him here. I brought bones to that blood-hound, Morgan Lefroy. And who ever paid me for the nourishing of that dog? Not you, brother Morgan. Half, do you hear? I won't be cheated by you. I won't! I won't! I'll have it, I'll have it, I say!

(Suddenly he puts his hands on the sword-stick and wrests it from Morgan, and dashes out by door to vestibule. Peg the Ballad-singer has been crouching by the window, not giving attention to the scene between the brothers).

PEG.—Me to be condemned by the people, me that lay by their fires and ate the bit they gave me! Oh, the way they look at the house that I'm in! The way they look at it!

(She comes to Morgan Lefroy wildly).

PEG.—Oh, your honour, save me! Save me from those that have their eyes upon me.

MORGAN.—Well, my good woman, I'll try to do that. I might have a regiment of soldiers brought to the town.

PEG.—Oh, and would you let me be with the soldiers?

MORGAN.—I might do that. And I could have you taken to the house of a magistrate where you would be safe.

PEG.—Do that, your honour, and all my life I will pray for you.

MORGAN.—Then you could be put on board of a ship and brought to another part of the country—to a part where the people would not know you.

PEG.—Could I get to such a place?

MORGAN.—You could. It will be done.

PEG.—And my brother? Oh, what will happen to Terence?

MORGAN.—Your brother, too, I'll look after. I will have him set at liberty. Indeed, he'll be in any part of the country that you want to stay in. I will get him a place in a gentleman's house, and you two can be together, safe and secure.

PEG.—They told me you were hard and grinding to the people. Wasn't it well I didn't believe that! On my knees I thank you, and I pray for you.

MORGAN.—Hush, my good woman; I'll do all I said for you.

PEG.—The blessing of the poor and the shelterless be upon you. . . . But they . . . they'll think that I have betrayed the people.

MORGAN.—It can't be helped. You'll have the name for that.

PEG.—The name for that! That I betrayed the people! And I sat by their fires and lay in their houses!

MORGAN.—It can't be helped, Peg. You'll have the name for having betrayed them, as they call it. Well, did you ever hear that it was as well to have the blame as the name?

PEG.—What meaning is there in that?

MORGAN.—This meaning, Peg. That as you have and will always have the name for having betrayed the people, you might as well have the blame as well. Oh, yes, you might as well have the blame. Nothing will clear you in the minds of the people outside. Well, then, come on and tell me who it was killed Isaac Hackman?

PEG.—I haven't said it! Not a word has passed my lips!

MORGAN.—For them down there, every word has passed your lips. Come now and tell me. Who was it did it?

PEG.—How could I tell you that? I never could name those names!

MORGAN.—They believe you have told. They blame you for telling. Aye, and they will kill you for telling. A stone smashing your head, another stone breaking your neck, and then you'll be left

lying in a ditch! Go out amongst them and that is what you will get. You'll be left lying there, and there will be no word more about you. You know that. Sentence has been passed on you for doing a thing. Now do it—do it to save yourself. Who was it killed Isaac Hackman?

PEG.—I can't, I can't! No matter what befalls me, I can't do that!

MORGAN.—I have told you what I'll do for you. I'll summon a regiment of soldiers to the town. I'll have you taken to the house of a magistrate where you will be safe. Then you will be put on board of a ship and brought to a part of the country where no one will know anything about you, will not know what you have the name of being or the blame of doing. Are you listening to me? What else will you ask? I'll do everything else to save and shield you. All I want you to do is to give me the names that you are blamed already for giving me.

PEG.—It was never in me to do that.

MORGAN.—Then will you go amongst the people outside?

PEG.—They would destroy me, they would destroy me! Save me, your honour, save me!

MORGAN.—What will you do to save yourself?

PEG.—Anything, your honour, anything!

MORGAN.—Then give me the names of the people concerned in the murder of Isaac Hackman?

PEG.—Their names will never cross these lips of mine.

MORGAN.—Give me the names, or I'll have you thrown into the street amongst the people that will destroy you.

PEG.—No. Look at me as you like, but you will see that I am not going to do that. Ah, I was foolish to think that you had any wish for my brother! For what wish could you have for the people? And what could be between you and them but hatred and broken trust? Why did I come here at all? Ah, you planned to bring me here so that the people might see me here with you and think that I had betrayed them! Ah, you planned it, and you planned it well, and you have taken me like the bird under the crib!

MORGAN.—Yes, you are like the bird under the crib, and there's no way out for you. There's nothing that you can do now; there's nothing that you can do.

PEG.—Nothing that I can do, nothing that I can do!

(Gideon Lefroy opens door again. He has the sword-stick in his hand. He flings it into the room. He closes the door again).

MORGAN.—They're shouting something. What is it all about? *(He goes to window. Peg takes up the sword-stick. She holds it as if it were something marvellous that had been put into her hands*

As Morgan stands looking out through window, she unscrews blade. She puts the stick behind her back.)

PEG.—What did you want of me?

MORGAN.—The people who murdered Isaac Hackman will be taken soon. You and no one else will be blamed for their betrayal. Nothing will clear you. Well, take the only thing you can get—safety—and take it from me. Give me the names of the people who did the murder and claim protection. Speak to me. Was it Mary Sullivan's son? Was it Honor Gowan's brother?

(Peg does not speak).

MORGAN.—Something has come into the street. I can't understand what it is. You can hear them. Tell me what they are saying?

(He turns to window again).

PEG.—Kill, kill, kill! That's what the people are saying. And can't you hear something from the blacksmith's forge? Strike! strike! It tells that there are strokes prepared for the one who betrays the people. Strike! strike! strike! Oh, it can't be for me that the strokes are!

(She goes towards Morgan Lefroy, whose back is turned. She goes slowly, holding the sword. As he is about to turn, she stabs him in the neck. Morgan Lefroy falls).

PEG.—There he lies, the man who would have betrayed us all! Now I can walk amongst the people, for I have saved them. And if my brother meets his death he can die without shame, for none of his race ever betrayed the people!

(The window is opened from the outside. The Bellman is seen holding himself against the window).

THE BELLMAN.—The curse of the people on you and your race!

PEG.—I have saved the people.

THE BELLMAN.—The man under bonds has put others under bonds. To save his own breast from the bullet, he made known the names of them that destroyed that tormentor—Isaac Hackman. Your brother has betrayed the people!

PEG —O, Mother of all Affliction!

(THE END).

Connemara—Good or Bad.

By PATRICK KELLY.

VII.—FISHING.

STRANGER, should you by any chance during a visit to Connemara find yourself tempted to speak on fishing, make it fly-fishing at once and have done with it. Sea fishing—which means fishing by net and line—is an industry, and the person who mentions an industry in the shadow of the Pins is looked upon as a poet—that is to say, a poor mortal more or less wanting in common sense and not likely to improve.

Fly-fishing is an art. It presupposes in the artist a knowledge of cloud effects and winds and—he mustn't be colour blind. It demands the wrist of a D'Artagnan and the patience of Wellington, who waited, watch in hand, through a terrible June day, for the coming of a heavy dragoon named Blucher. This Blucher was an agent of Fortune sent out to destroy a genius who had forgotten himself so far as to insult her. . . . A true fisherman can fish from either bank of a river with equal ease. This is quite as it should be. A boxer of the type of Corbett can strike equally well with right and left. And talking of striking, one may's well say here and now that the "striking" of a fish is a matter of very great importance for the man who would handle a rod properly. "Am I a good fisherman?" asked the casual tourist of the casual onlooker who was sitting on a stone smoking an old black pipe, and gazing dreamily on the water. "Indeed'n you are not," was the prompt reply; "you strike too hard."

Connemara, in the matter of fly-fishing, will be associated in the minds of those who know it well, for many years to come, with "English gentlemen." Those gentlemen of England were Empire experts to a gentleman. Connemara, in their geography, was an outpost in the far-flung England, and they held this outpost in exclusive style—in other words, they paid for everything in such lordly fashion that they crushed out all people of lesser wealth. They paraded England as the richest land on earth, and therefore, in the minds of the people who benefited by the generosity of those moneyed aristocrats—or were they demi-aristocrats?—it must, of course, be the greatest. They had curious notions, some of those gentlemen. Their manners were not at all times what one might expect from wealthy strangers who were, apparently, products of a university system. . . . One day in the by-gone days,

three English gentlemen, walking along a road in Connemara, were struck by the very beautiful appearance of a distant hill. Round a bend of the road they came on an oldish, shabby-looking man seated on a stone and reading a book. The tourists halted, and one of them, pointing with his stick in the direction of the hill said in a loud voice—in the voice of one accustomed to being obeyed—and without preliminary of any description, good, bad, or indifferent : “What hill is that over there?”

The reader raised his eyes, looked at the tourists, looked in the direction of the outstretched stick, looked back at the man who had spoken, and said—not as a question, but as an assertion :

“You are English.”

The tourist, amazed at the daring of this shabby waysider, managed, however, to convey his nationality and all that it implied in the single word : “Yes.”

“It is quite evident,” said the reader drily, and went on with his book. Curiously enough, it was “Pride and Prejudice.” . . . Still, very many fine Englishmen visited Connemara in the days that were.

But this is not exactly fishing.

Probably the best fresh-water fishing in Ireland is to be had in Connemara. . . . Of course, this must not be taken as meaning that better results are obtainable in Connemara than in any other part of the country. There is something more in fly-fishing than the actual catch. There is the matter of widely different aspects of lake and river; there is the matter of the great number of fisheries in Connemara, and there is the fact that the conditions on one fishery are not at all the same as the conditions on (say) its nearest neighbour. In short, fishing in Connemara is anything but monotonous. If the tourist dislikes the setting of a particular lake, or the atmosphere of a particular river, he may move on to another lake or river where he will find, if not something entirely to his liking, at least something different. . . . No, fishing is not altogether the business of catching so many fish per day or per hour. When you hear a tourist say : “I like that little stream by the hill of So-and-So,” be sure that the little stream by the hill has more than one charm in his eyes. The tourist who fished on Lough Ina for the first time, and who knew something of Yeats, declared that it was the original “Innisfree.” This is quite easily understood when one considers the beauty of the lake—which is as beautiful as the poem, and that’s saying a lot.

They have a theory in Connemara that the fly-fisher who wears old clothes, carries a mended rod, keeps his flies in an old tin box instead of in a large and very special fly-book, and who does *not* wear flies in his hat, knows his business thoroughly, and might be trusted

to fish correctly on any lake or river in any land under the sun. This theory may be somewhat wild, but, beyond question, the man who makes a display of flies and lines is not always the best fisher. . . . Long ago a travelling tinker saw, fishing in a lake near Recess, an English tourist—unmistakably English even to eyes less alert than those of the tinker. The tourist, a man decorated with lines and flies, had a very heavy hand. He was splashing rather than fishing. The tinker approached him and asked to see the flies he was using. The tourist, who had probably read Maxwell, gave him the rod without a word. The tinker changed the tail-fly, putting on one of his own. He cast the line lightly and easily and hooked a white trout. Then, in good time, another and yet another. The tourist was pleased, and probably amazed. The tinker, having caught three white trout, gave him back his rod, asked for his fly-book, and made a selection for the evening. The tourist gave him a sovereign for the fly that had behaved so well. The tinker went on his way smiling. The tourist, despite his heavy hand, caught six trout that evening—and lived happy ever after.

A Dublin child—a girl—visiting Connemara, asked the question: "Is everyone allowed to fish on the lakes and rivers here?" and was very much disappointed by the reply. "But," she said, "don't the rivers and lakes belong to God, and then why should anyone have to pay for fishing?"

Surely the waters belong to God, but then, many things that are His, men call their own. . . . Still, the little girl's notion of free fishing, though quite laudable as coming from a child, was not quite right. If everybody in Connemara were allowed to fish at will, there would be no fish very soon, for the good reason that poaching in the close season would be the rule and not the exception. Things are much better as they stand. We have not yet reached that stage—not of civilization—but of actual relief from want, when it would be possible to make one and the same thing of fresh water and salt.

Sea-fishing of the deep of Connemara is a problem in higher mathematics—the higher the better. It does not seem to have an exact solution. It has more angles than a figure which suggests nothing but a wild riot of angles. It is mixed up with ice and the French. An iceberg is a monster of implacable angles, a nightmare of Euclid, edited by the awful North; and the French are mathematicians extraordinary. So far so good. . . . However, one fact emerges clearly—stands out like a giant rock in a briar field—from this queer tangle of things, and it is that fish appear regularly off the Connemara coast, and, what is more, they appear in force. Still, somehow or other, whoever is to blame, or whatever the reason, the sea-fishing industry in Connemara is not in a flourishing state.

No, indeed. There are questions of transport, questions of motor boats as better or worse than sailing boats; questions of markets and weather—in fact, the whole thing is a question of questions. Certainly it would be difficult for any man not thoroughly conversant with all the factors in the case to understand it properly. But this much anyone may understand : whatever it may be in the future, the fishing industry of Connemara is not at present a grand commercial success. It has been said that French fishermen, who adventured into the Connemara seas, declared that if they themselves were only free to fish in those waters, they would ask nothing better from Fortune, because she held nothing better in her basket for poor men of the sea. This story is probably true; certain it is that French fishermen have been seen in Cleggan and even in Clifden, and certain it is that they would never have dreamt of sailing so far from Brittany—or whatever part of France they came from—unless they looked forward with absolute confidence to good and profitable fishing.

It has been said also that they made some remarks about lobster fishing that rather offended the pride of the native fishers—but were taken as complimentary by the lobsters. Frenchmen, as a rule, are polite—at least, so we are told—and probably their remarks were nothing but what the Americans call “horse sense”—not comparing a horse to a lobster, which is simply a successful crab in a scarlet coat. . . . One wonders about those Frenchmen. Certainly they didn’t visit Connemara for the fun of the thing, or for exchanging views on recent international questions or anything like that.

“The people of Connemara are too lazy to fish.” Maybe . . . but who can say for certain? They are fond of joking, anyhow. They call the Ministry of Fisheries the Ministers for Fish. Too bad entirely—most irrelevant, in fact.

Whenever there is any mention of France, one naturally thinks of Napoleon. Now, what would that terrible little man do? if he were here in Ireland to-day and one of his Ministers had the temerity to say to him :

“Sire, the fishing industry of Connemara has gone to the devil, or lies between the devil and the deep sea—I don’t know which. I am thinking of sounding the retreat, that is if your Majesty will permit me to consider the battle lost.”

No doubt, Napoleon would fly into a terrible rage, and threaten to have everybody shot. . . . “Boats! tackle! men! fish!” he would cry. “Let me have fish by to-morrow—fish in armies. Go!”

Nobody would be shot, nor even dismissed, but the fish would be caught and carried and sold, and there would be an end of the matter. . . .

No, one needn't despair. The revival of the fishing industry in Connemara is a grown man's job—and he needn't be a genius. We cannot afford to sit by the roadside and wait for the coming of a genius. He mightn't come at all, and even if he did come, he might say directly he appeared that we were a laughter-loving people, much too humorous to be taken seriously, and ourselves and our fishing might go—where the poet Mangan's tongs went. . . .

But whether the fishing industry of the West be made a commercial success or not, certain it is that fly-fishing tourists, in good weather or bad, will crowd into Connemara while the rivers run and the lakes are lakes. . . . And maybe from this you may understand the difference between sport and industry.

The Wild Goat's Kid.

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

HER nimble hoofs made music on the crags all winter, as she roamed along the cliff tops over the sea.

During the previous autumn, when goats were mating, she had wandered away, one of a small herd that trotted gaily after a handsome fellow, with a splendid grey-black hide and winding horns. It was her first mating. Then, with the end of autumn, peasant boys came looking for their goats. The herd was broken up. The gallant buck was captured and slain by two hungry dogs from the village of Drumranny. The white goat alone remained. She had wandered too far away from her master's village. He couldn't find her. She was given up as lost.

So that she became a wild one of the cliffs, where the sea-gulls and the cormorants were lords, and the great eagle of Moher soared high over the thundering sea. Her big, soft, yellow eyes became wild from looking down often at the sea, with her long chin whiskers swaying gracefully in the wind. She was a long, slender thing, with short, straight horns and ringlets of matted hair trailing far down on either haunch.

With her tail in the air, snorting, tossing her horns, she fled when anybody approached. Her hoofs would patter over the crags until she was far away. Then she would stand on some eminence and turn about to survey the person who had disturbed her, calmly, confident in the power of her slender legs to carry her beyond pursuit.

She roamed at will. No stone fence however high could resist her long leap, as she sprang on muscular thighs that bent like silk. She was so supple that she could trot on the top of a thin fence, carelessly, without a sound except the gentle tapping of her delicate hoofs. She hardly ever left the clifftops. There was plenty of food there, for the winter was mild, and the leaves and grasses that grew between the crevices of the crags were flavoured by the strong, salt taste of the brine carried up on the wind. She grew sleek and comely.

Towards the end of winter a subtle change came over her. Her hearing became more acute. She took fright at the least sound. She began to shun the sea except on very calm days, when it did not roar. She ate less. She grew very particular about what she ate. She hunted around a long time before she chose a morsel. She often went on her knees, reaching down into the bottom of a

crevice to nibble at a briar that was inferior to the more accessible ones. She became corpulent. Her udder increased.

Winter passed. Green leaves began to sprout. Larks sang in the morning. There was sweetness in the air and a great urge of life. The white goat, one morning a little after dawn, gave birth to a grey-black kid.

The kid was born in a tiny, green glen under an overhanging ledge of low rock that sheltered it from the wind. It was a male kid, an exquisite, fragile thing, tinted delicately with many colours. His slender belly was milky white. The insides of his thighs were of the same colour. He had deep rings of grey, like bracelets, above his hoofs. He had black knee caps on his forelegs, like pads, to protect him, when he knelt to take his mother's teats into his silky, black mouth. His back and sides were grey-black. His ears were black, long, and drooping with the weakness of infancy.

The white goat bleated over him, with soft eyes and shivering flanks, gloating over the exquisite thing that had been created within her by the miraculous power of life. And she had this delicate creature all to herself, in the wild solitude of the beautiful little glen, within earshot of the murmuring sea, with little birds whistling their spring songs around about her, and the winds coming with their slow whispers over the crags. The first tender hours of her first motherhood were undisturbed by any restraint, not even by the restraint of a mate's presence. In absolute freedom and quiet, she watched with her young.

How she manoeuvred to make him stand! She breathed on him to warm him. She raised him gently with her forehead, uttering strange, soft sounds to encourage him. Then he stood up, trembling, staggering, swaying on his curiously long legs. She became very excited, rushing around him, bleating nervously, afraid that he should fall again. He fell. She was in agony. Bitter wails came from her distended jaws and she crunched her teeth. But she renewed her efforts, urging the kid to rise, to rise and live . . . to live, live, live.

He rose again. Now he was steadier. He shook his head. He wagged his long ears as his mother breathed into them. He took a few staggering steps, came to his padded knees, and rose again immediately. Slowly, gently, gradually, she pushed him towards her udder with her horns. At last he took the teat within his mouth, he pushed joyously, sank to his knees and began to drink.

She stayed with him all day in the tiny glen, just nibbling a few mouthfuls of the short grass that grew around. Most of the time she spent exercising her kid. With a great show of anxiety

and importance, she brought him on little expeditions across the glen to the opposite rock, three yards away and back again. At first he staggered clumsily against her sides, and his tiny hoofs often lost their balance on tufts of grass, such was his weakness. But he gained strength with amazing speed, and the goat's joy and pride increased. She suckled and caressed him after each tiny journey.

When the sun had set he was able to walk steadily, to take little short runs, to toss his head. They lay all night beneath the shelter of the ledge, with the kid between his mother's legs, against her warm udder.

Next morning she hid him securely in a crevice of the neighbouring crag, in a small groove between two flags that were covered with a withered growth of wild grass and ferns. The kid crawled instinctively into the warm hole without any resistance to the gentle push of his mother's horns. He lay down with his head towards his doubled hind legs, and closed his eyes. Then the goat scraped the grass and fern stalks over the entrance hole with her fore feet, and she hurried away to graze, as carelessly as if she had no kid hidden.

All the morning, as she grazed hurriedly and fiercely around the crag, she took great pains to pretend that she was not aware of her kid's nearness. Even when she grazed almost beside the hiding place, she never noticed him, by look or by cry. But still, she pricked her little ears at every distant sound.

At noon she took him out and gave him suck. She played with him on a grassy knoll and watched him prance about. She taught him how to rear on his hind legs and fight the air with his forehead. Then she put him back into his hiding place and returned to graze. She continued to graze until nightfall.

Just when she was about to fetch him from his hole and take him to the overhanging ledge to rest for the night, a startling sound reached her ears. It came from afar, from the south, from beyond a low fence that ran across the crag on the skyline. It was indistinct, barely audible, a deep, purring sound. But to the ears of the mother goat, it was loud and ominous as a thunderclap. It was the heavy breathing of a dog sniffing the wind.

She listened stock still, with her head in the air and her short tail lying stiff along her back, twitching one ear. The sound came again. It was nearer. Then there was a patter of feet. Then a clumsy, black figure hurtled over the fence and dropped on to the crag, with awkward secrecy. The goat saw a black dog, a large, curly fellow, standing by the fence in the dim twilight, with his fore paw raised and his long, red tongue hanging. Then he shut his mouth suddenly, and raising his snout upwards sniffed several

times, contracting his nostrils as he did so, as if in pain. Then he whined savagely, and trotted towards the goat sideways.

She snorted. It was a sharp, dull thud, like a blow from a rubber sledge. Then she rapped the crag three times with her left fore foot, loudly and sharply. The dog stood still and raised his fore paw again. He bent down his head and looked at her with narrowed eyes. Then he licked his breast and began to run swiftly to the left. He was running towards the kid's hiding place, with his tail stretched out straight and his snout to the wind.

With another fierce snort the goat charged him at full speed, in order to cut him off from his advance on the kid's hiding place. He stopped immediately when she charged. The goat halted too, five yards from the hiding place, between the dog and the hiding place, facing the dog.

The dog stood still. His eyes wandered around in all directions, with the bashfulness of a sly brute, caught suddenly in an awkward position. Then slowly he raised his bloodshot eyes to the goat. He bared his fangs. His mane rose like a fan. His tail shot out. Picking his steps like a lazy cat, he approached her without a sound. The goat shivered along her left flank, and she snorted twice in rapid succession.

When he was within six yards of her he uttered a ferocious roar—a deep, rumbling sound in his throat. He raced towards her, and leaped clean into the air, as if she were a fence that he was trying to vault. She parried him subtly with her horns, like a sword thrust, without moving her fore feet. Her sharp horns just grazed his belly as he whizzed past her head. But the slight blow deflected his course. Instead of falling on his feet, as he had intended cunningly to do, between the goat and the kid, he was thrown to the left and fell on his side, with a thud. The goat whirled about and charged him.

But he had arisen immediately and jerked himself away, with his haunches low down, making a devilish scraping and yelping and growling noise. He wanted to terrify the kid out of his hiding place. Then it would be easy to overpower the goat, hampered by the task of hiding the kid between her legs.

The kid uttered a faint, querulous cry, but the goat immediately replied with a sharp, low cry. The kid mumbled something indistinct, and then remained silent. There was a brushing sound among the ferns that covered him. He was settling himself down farther. The goat trotted rigidly to the opposite side of the hiding place to face the dog again.

The dog had run away some distance, and lay on his belly, licking his paws. Now he meant to settle himself down properly to the prolonged attack, after the failure of his first onslaught. He

yawned lazily and made peculiar, mournful noises, thrusting his head into the air and twitching his snout. The goat watched every single movement and sound, with her ears thrust forward past her horns. Her great, soft eyes were very wild and timorous in spite of the valiant posture of her body, and the terrific force of the blows she delivered occasionally on the hard crag with her little hoofs.

The dog remained lying for half an hour or so, continuing his weird pantomime. The night fell completely. Everything became unreal and ghostly under the light of the distant myriads of stars. An infant moon had arisen. The sharp rushing wind and the thunder of the sea only made the silent loneliness of the night more menacing to the white goat, as she stood bravely on the limestone crag defending her newborn young. On all sides the horizon was a tumultuous line of barren crag, dented with shallow glens and seamed with low, stone fences that hung like tattered curtains against the rim of the sky.

Then the dog attacked again. Rising suddenly, he set off at a long, swinging gallop, with his head turned sideways towards the goat, whining as he ran. He ran around the goat in a wide circle, gradually increasing his speed. A white spot on his breast flashed and vanished as he rose and fell in the undulating stretches of his flight. The goat watched him, fiercely rigid from tail to snout. She pawed the crag methodically, turning around on her own ground slowly to face him.

When he passed his starting point, he was flying at full speed, a black ball shooting along the gloomy surface of the crag, with a sharp rattle of claws. The rattle of his claws, his whining and the sharp tapping of the goat's fore feet as she turned about, were the only sounds that rose into the night from this sinister engagement.

He sped round and round the goat, approaching her imperceptibly each round, until he was so close that she could see his glittering eyes and the white lather of rage on his half open jaws. She became slightly dizzy and confused, turning about so methodically in a confined space, confused and amazed by the subtle strategy of the horrid beast. His whining grew louder and more savage. The rattle of his claws was like the clamour of hailstones driven by a wind. He was upon her.

He came in a whirl on her flank. He came with a savage roar that deafened her. She shivered and then stiffened in rigid silence to receive him. The kid uttered a shrill cry. Then the black bulk hurtled through the air, close up, with hot breathing, snarling, with reddened fangs and . . . smash.

He had dived for her left flank. But as he went past her head she turned like lightning and met him again with her horns. This time she grazed his side, to the rear of the shoulder. He yelped

and tumbled sideways, rolling over twice. With a savage snort she was upon him. He was on his haunches, rising, when her horns thudded into his head. He went down again with another yelp. He rolled over and then suddenly, with amazing speed, swept to his feet, whirled about on swinging tail and dived for her flank once more. The goat uttered a shriek of terror. He had passed her horns. His fangs had embedded themselves in the matted ringlet that trailed along her right flank. The dog's flying weight, swinging on to the ringlet as he fell, brought her to her haunches.

But she was ferocious now. As she wriggled to her feet beside the rolling dog that gripped her flank, she wrenched herself around and gored him savagely in the belly. He yelled and loosed his hold. She rose on her hind legs in a flash, and with a snort she gored him again. Her sharp, pointed horns penetrated his side between the ribs. He gasped and shook his four feet in the air. Then she pounded on him with her fore feet, beating his prostrate body furiously. Her little hoofs pattered with tremendous speed for almost a minute. She beat him blindly, without looking at him.

Then she suddenly stopped. She snorted. The dog was still. She shivered and looked down at him curiously. He was dead. Her terror was passed. She lifted her right fore foot and shook it with a curious movement. Then she uttered a wild, joyous cry and ran towards her kid's hiding place.

Night passed into a glorious dawn that came over a rippling sea from the east. A wild, sweet dawn, scented with dew and the many perfumes of the germinating earth. The sleepy sun rose brooding from the sea, golden and soft, searching far horizons with its concave shafts of light. The dawn was still. Still and soft and pure.

The white goat and her kid were travelling eastwards along the clifftops over the sea. They had travelled all night, flying from the horrid carcase of the beast that lay stretched on the crag beside the little glen. Now they were far away, on the summit of the giant white Precipice of Cahir. The white goat rested to give suck to her kid, and to look out over the clifftop at the rising sun.

Then she continued her flight eastwards, pushing her tired kid before her gently with her horns.

From the Stalls : Pour Epater le Bourgeois.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

"THE objection to Ibsen is not really an objection to his philosophy: it is a protest against the fact that his characters do not behave as ladies and gentlemen are popularly supposed to behave." When Bernard Shaw wrote that twenty-five years ago, he was probably accurate in his estimate. Ibsen's people did not behave as English ladies and gentlemen were popularly supposed to behave at that time. Nor do they behave as English ladies and gentlemen are popularly supposed to behave to-day. That is not to say that the popular conception of the behaviour of English ladies and gentlemen is the same in 1925 as it was in 1900; any such statement would be the direct opposite of the fact. Twenty-five years ago the populace believed the behaviour of ladies and gentlemen to be very much better than it actually was; to-day it would seem that the populace believes the behaviour of ladies and gentlemen to be consistently scandalous. In 1900 Victoria was still alive, and her name was used to denote superlatively good qualities. In 1925 the word Victorian is used as a term of reproach. Even the English Prime Minister can now call what was once called the Age of Progress the Age of Chaos! Ladies and gentlemen were believed to have been ladies and gentlemen during the Victorian era; to-day they are believed to be only the raw material for the Sunday papers. "Nice plays, with nice dresses, nice drawing-rooms, and nice people," were counted indispensable in 1900, as only appearances had to be considered. But the publicity involved in a million circulation stripped the nice dresses from the nice people, and made bedrooms more familiar than drawing-rooms. The picture rather than the frame is now the matter of supreme interest to the masses of the people.

The reaction has come in full flood, as might have been expected. After Cromwell comes Charles, after Milton comes Congreve, after Robertson comes Noel Coward. The Puritan, having been lured to the theatre, must remain to be scandalised. Art does not always go forward, but moves in recurrent cycles as inevitably as the planets, the tides, the seasons, and the social system. The "continual slight novelty" is the demand of all nature, and is, in consequence, the demand of art. The dissolute and picturesque Cavaliers of the Restoration worried Mrs. Grundy before she had

been named, and the no less dissolute but very much less picturesque Cavaliers of the War for Small Nations have buried her unwept, unhonoured and unsung. Poor Mrs. Grundy has been hurried to her grave with a fox-trot to the funereal strains of a jazz band. Of course, she will be resurrected in time, but for the moment she sleeps well, if somewhat restlessly. In her time she is believed to have covered a multitude of sins, and her absence now tends to hide a multitude of virtues. Sixty years of Progress and complacency were blown to nothingness in four of war, and the time for heart-searching and conscience-examining has now come. In such a time, sin takes an unusually, and unnaturally, prominent part; virtue is on the credit side of the account, and only the debit is under scrutiny. And this day is a day of scrutiny. Little is taken for granted, but the air that is breathed is filled with animation, gaiety, with excitement, and the mouth wears a cynical smile. Like the dramatists of the Restoration, the younger English dramatists of our day depict mankind as leading an existence with no moral implication. They present a world of unscrupulous persons, without prejudices one way or the other on ethical matters. Such persons are represented as being attractive in their characteristics, and as not only going unpunished, but as thriving in all things. And like the Restoration dramatists, they are misled by facts. They observe that really unscrupulous people are often agreeable and likeable companions, that the prizes of life fall to such persons, and that only the thoroughly unscrupulous can retain always the blessing of an untroubled conscience. It is so to-day, and perhaps always will be in human society, but it is no less the fact that in enduring literature of the first class this fact has always been ignored, and retributive justice, in the forms of gnawing remorse and physical misfortune, has with gratifying regularity requited the doer of evil.

At the moment the most prominent playwright in England is Mr. Noel Coward. He is not yet twenty-six years old, as he was born in December, 1899; yet he has four plays running simultaneously in London now; three other plays were produced only a year or so ago, and three have been published. He has been an actor since 1910, is an accomplished musician, and a writer of light verse. "I work best when I work quickly," he says; "my first play took four days to write, and none has taken more than a week—although I do not claim that this enhances their value, and, indeed, my critics are more likely to take the statement as an admission than as a boast." It is perfectly obvious that eight plays worthy to be called great could not be produced in five years in the intervals of a busy actor's life. And Noel Coward's plays are not great plays; they are not literature, but they are witty, amusing, interesting, daring. They are most certainly theatrical, but nevertheless they

read well. It is as a contriver of theatrical situations and a coiner of witty phrases that Noel Coward excels. In time he may develop into a dramatist, but so far he has attempted, evidently, only to be a purveyor of amusement. Much is made of Mr. Coward's youth by the London papers, the writers of which ignore the fact that Sheridan was only twenty-four when he produced *The Rivals*, and twenty-six when he wrote *The School for Scandal*. They ignore equally that Congreve was but twenty-five when *Love for Love* was produced, and that he retired to be a "gentleman of leisure" at the age of twenty-nine. It seems true that Noel Coward owes more to Congreve than a mere period of reaction in time. It is not without some significance that Congreve's plays have recently been successfully revived at the same theatre where Mr. Coward afterwards had his first success with *The Vortex*.* It is true that Congreve asserted that his comedies concealed a fable; "I designed the moral first, and to that moral I invented the fable." But despite this assertion, Congreve makes no more effort towards instructing or elevating his audience than does Mr. Coward. None but Congreve himself ever claimed his plays to point a moral, and Mr. Coward does not even make such a claim for himself. "I do not pose as a preacher," he says; "I have tried to present some victims of modern conditions whom I consider terribly unfortunate, but concerning whom I am unable to feel the lofty and righteous indignation which is expressed by some of the dramatic critics." Thus of the people in *The Vortex*. They are very unfortunate—unfortunate in not being compelled to work at least those two hours every day upon which Mr. Shaw so vehemently insists. Were they compelled to work they would be less pitiable.

One is glad not to know the people of Mr. Coward's plays intimately. On the stage they are interesting and attractive, but intimate acquaintance would probably become a dreadful responsibility. A few hours of their company is thoroughly enjoyable, but after a day at most their company would be so boring as to be unendurable. Of the ten people in *The Vortex*, six are temperamentally unfitted for normal life, and only two are such that closer acquaintance would be desirable. Pawny Quentin and Clara Hibbert would make any normal man feel murderous in ten minutes; Florence Lancaster and Bunty Mainwaring very effectively caricature the liberty of women; Bruce Fairlight is a prig and a bounder, and if he is supposed to be "drawn from life," Mr. Coward's taste is open to question; Nicky Lancaster has been spoiled by the sparing of the rod, the use of which would have done him good; Tom Veryan might be decent if one got to know him, but only Helen Saville and

* Ernest Benn. 3/6.

David Lancaster are likeable at sight. Two reasonable, decent people trying to control such a collection! Of course, their efforts are vain.

Florence Lancaster is a middle-aged woman, wife of David and mother of Nicky. She is flirting with Tom Veryan. Nicky returns from Paris, where he has been nominally studying music, engaged to Bunty Mainwaring. Helen Saville tries to make Florence Lancaster realise her folly. At the Lancaster country house, Veryan and Miss Mainwaring realise that they are in love with each other. Nicky takes the situation calmly enough, but his mother becomes quite frantic and makes a scene. In her bedroom she is confronted by Nicky, who badgers her to a confession, and she is consoled by Helen Saville. Bruce Fairlight, Clara Hibbert, and Pawny Quentin have no real places in the play; they are merely put in, evidently, to show the fools they are. The play has some really dramatic moments—in the second act between Bunty and Nicky, and the entire third act between Nicky and his mother. It is essentially a tragedy of mother and son, and at the Royalty Theatre production, Lilian Braithwaite, as Florence Lancaster, and Noel Coward himself, as Nicky, realised this, and played up to the realisation. The cocktails, the dope, the infidelities, and the foolery are all but spice of the Congreve kind to a re-hashing of a superficial Hamlet.

*Fallen Angels** is on a different plane altogether. It is intended, Mr. Coward says, "purely as an artificial comedy." It has more wit than *The Vortex*, full of daring dialogue, and with a slightly disgusting, but very effective second act. It is doubtful if the ladies ever were angels, and it is certain that they had not far to fall. They had not, in fact, fallen, because they had never ascended. These two ladies, married and in love with their husbands, had before marriage, both loved one Maurice Duclos. Duclos is coming to London, and they are both very excited. Their husbands go off for a day's golf. They think flight must save them, but a ring at the door-bell stops them as the curtain falls. That evening they are still waiting in a state bordering upon hysteria. At dinner they drink champagne and eat very little. They get drunk, and quarrel. One alleges that she knows where Maurice is, has known all the time, and is going to meet him. The next morning the husband of the missing lady returns unexpectedly, having quarrelled with his friend, and extracts a confession as to his wife's doings. They go out to seek her. While they are out, the other two return and repeat the confession business. With the advent of the first pair confusion reigns, and into the confusion comes Maurice. He has taken a flat upstairs, and desires the opinion of the ladies on its

* Benn. 3/6.

furnishings. They go up. The husbands discuss matters, but the sound of a piano and singing from above make them rush off to discover the reason for the merriment. Nothing very much—but the play enjoys a *succès de scandale*. Six persons figure in the play, but it is the acting of Tallulah Bankhead and Edna Best that keeps the Globe Theatre filled to capacity. Little can be got from reading the play—it is witty, its dialogue is perfect of its kind—but in the theatre the play is a triumph.

On with the Dance, at the London Pavilion, shows Noel Coward to be at least versatile and certainly competent. But it is not Noel Coward who must be credited with the provision of the most delightful revue of our day. To the daring of C. B. Cochrane, the genius of Massine, the colour employed by Nicholson, the charm of Delysia, Hermione Baddeley and Ernest Thesiger, and the rhythm of the entire performance must the magnificent production be credited. It is certainly a revue that one could see twice.

There is a play of Noel Coward's which still awaits production for some unexplained reason. *The Rat Trap** is in many respects better than the plays which have been so successfully staged. In it the characterisation is more fully developed than in his stage successes, and the dialogue is not attenuated to shot-gun repartee. Of his plays it is the best in reading, as Sheila Brandreth is the most likeable of his creations. It has all his stage situations, and he is a master of stage craft, and having seen his other plays staged with so much eclat, one is left concluding that his real success as a dramatist may lie in *The Rat Trap*.

Noel Coward has not taken life as his province ; he may have mistaken the liveliness of a small number of people for life. His people all belong to that small section of London society, the misdeeds of which make the Sunday papers so valuable commercially. The Sunday papers would lead one to believe that these people are thoroughly bad ; Mr. Coward shows them to be foolish, idle and bored, fair game, in fact, for the Devil. In *Spring Cleaning*,† Frederick Lonsdale makes use of somewhat similar people to much the same purpose. It is daring and witty, and is a great success at the St. Martin's Theatre ; but as serious drama it is completely negligible. Richard Sones is a very successful novelist, whose wife has been introduced to some of Noel Coward's people, and makes friends with them. Sones is outraged by this, and brings a lady from the street to meet them at one of his wife's dinner parties. The moral is pointed, but misses its mark because the aim is inaccurate. As artificial comedy, however, the play is very much better—the last-act dialogue between husband and lover, completely artificial and com-

* Benn. 3/6

† Collins. 5/-.

pletely unashamed, is quite perfect of its kind and outpoints Noel Coward on his own ground. The atmosphere of the play is impossible and unreal, and only the excellent dialogue and perfect acting could make the play the great stage success it has been in London.

A quarter of a century has passed since Bernard Shaw gave *Cæsar and Cleopatra* to the world as one of his Plays for Puritans, and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson made Julius Cæsar one of his most perfect pieces of acting. The play is a delight to read; it is a revelation on the stage. Shaw is said by some critics to "date" quickly, and some of them suggest that he is merely a passing whim. It is to be hoped that they will take the opportunity of seeing Sir Barry V. Jackson's production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* at the Kingsway Theatre before they speak again. True it is the mighty Julius is the spirit of Bernard Shaw in the trappings of an emperor, and that the entire play has in it the germ which afterwards became *Man and Superman*. But all that said, the play remains one of the greatest, and Cæsar one of the most virile and gripping of the personalities, in literature. He is the incarnation of common-sense, as Cleopatra is the incarnation of instinct, mercilessly destroying shams, vanities, and hypocrisies, unsparing of himself or of others. Cæsar's words to the sphinx are surely the words of Shaw at his best, and as uttered by Cedric Hardwicke they found an utterance worthy of them. As Cleopatra, Gwen Ffrangcan-Davies was completely captivating, cruel, calculating, cajoling, pliant as her purpose demanded. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has added in this production another obligation and another triumph to its already long list. The production almost tempts one to hail *Cæsar and Cleopatra* as Bernard Shaw's greatest achievement. But where there is so much that is perfect, priority is of small account.

When, early this year, St. John Ervine's *The Ship* was first produced by the Ulster Players at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, it impressed few people very favourably. Nominally it is a drama of revolt against the increasing mechanisation of life, and really it is another manifestation of the complete absorption of Ervine's mind by the sinking of the *Titanic*. He cannot escape from it; his works, novels and plays, have it drawn through them as a spectre. As a drama of revolt, *The Ship* is of small significance, but as a study of the effects of the wreck of a man's life-work, the shattering of his dream, the destruction of his hope, the play is worthy of attention. The double motive spoils its effect. As played at the Century Theatre the play certainly was effective, thanks to the acting of Lena Ashwell as old Mrs. Thurlow, who made the last few moments of the third act, without a word, one of the great achievements of the contemporary theatre. It is as a symbolical play, rather than a play of the

Manchester School, that *The Ship* will be, and must be, judged if its meaning is to get over the footlights.

Certainly shocking to the complacency of the eminently respectable medical profession is Jules Romain's *Doctor Knock** as translated by Granville Barker. There is no dilemma for Dr. Knock; he knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. He is a quack, a charlatan, who induces people first to believe that they are ill, then that he knows what is the matter with them, and finally that only he can cure them. He establishes very friendly relations with the local authorities, with the schoolmaster, the chemist, and the hotel-keeper; keeps statistical charts of his areas, and gives very special attention to those which provide few patients. By the use of "the psychology of advertising," he becomes the most important, and the wealthiest, man in the district, with everyone dependent upon him, even the old doctor from whom he bought the practice. *Doctor Knock* is one of the shrewdest plays of our day. It is a comedy that in reading is delightful and which would be irresistible on the stage.

In a different category, but no less shocking to the self-righteousness of the community at large, are the two little plays of Kenneth Sarr, *The Passing*† and *Old Mag*.† *The Passing* was awarded the first prize in the Drama Competition at the Tailteann Festival last year, and the other play secured the favourable attention of the judges. Both plays have since been produced at the Abbey Theatre, and though both have qualities as literature, their production leaves little doubt as to which is the better play. Both plays have as theme the relations of mother and son—one is the tragedy of a mother, the other the tragedy of a son. *The Passing* provided one of the most thrilling experiences which the Abbey Theatre has given to Dublin. The death-struggle of the prostitute, the remorse and the atonement, to the accompaniment of the babblings of her idiot son, and the call of the gulls over the Liffey is an emotional experience not soon to be forgotten. It is grim, terrible, real, and it was acted very powerfully by Sara Allgood and Michael Dolan. *Old Mag* is quieter, less harrowing, but none the less poignant is the tragedy of the mother unrecognised by her son. The tragic significance of *Old Mag* is, if anything, greater than that of *The Passing*, but the very quietness of it causes less emotional strain. The judges at the Tailteann Competition say of Mr. Sarr, "his future is one we shall watch with interest." So will many others also, and a more sustained flight may be hoped for very soon.

* Benn. 3/6. † Talbot Press. 1/- each.

Fugitives.

By DAVID CANNAN.

IN the kitchen of Manus Beg's house his wake was in progress. Below, in the room, his corpse lay in readiness for the last slow journey on the morrow. A few late comers, friends and neighbours, passed through to say a prayer by the dim light of the tall candles at the bedside. When the last pious duty had been performed, the door was shut and the visitors drew their chairs in a wide circle round the hearth, where a bright fire was blazing. New clay pipes and twist tobacco, glasses of whiskey and bowls of tea were handed round. A quiet murmur of conversation arose among the women concerning the merits of the deceased. Little stories of how he had come to the rescue of many who were in want passed from one to another in a hushed voice, as if they were still in the solemn atmosphere of the other room. The men smoked in silence for a little while; then their attention turned expectantly to the occupant of the seat at the right hand corner of the hearth—a tall, powerfully-built man of about sixty-five.

"It's yourself, Miceal," suggested a young fellow sitting opposite, "that ought to have great stories about him that's gone."

Miceal More filled his pipe and lit it. "There's many a story I might have about him," he said, "but, indeed, it's a bad hand I am at telling them. If himself was here now, God rest him, he would be the one to do it, for I never knew a man yet could put the right skin on a story like Manus. I mind him when he was a wee fellow going with myself to ould Laffan's school; he was always a great one for the learning. There was nobody in this country knew more about things that happened in ancient times than he did; when the antiquarians came down from Derry to look at the Stones, man, I'm telling ye, he could just teach them. Manus could tell them stories they never found in the books, and if he wasn't sure of anything he just made it up himself. But he would have no need to make up the story I'm going to tell ye about himself and myself.

"Nearly forty years ago we went together to the Fair at Gort-na-more. Manus's sister, Kathleen, who was afterwards my wife for twenty long years, was there too. She wasn't bothering much about me at that time, for I was only a big, rough kind of a man, good for a ploughing match or a bit of a fight, but having no knowledge at all of the way to be talking to a woman. A fine, upstanding girl she was, merry as a cricket, and ready to have a word

with a hundred different boys, or maybe to give them a corner of her shawl, but no harm in her for all that. Anyway there was one fellow called Dan Rafferty, over from Meenaglass, a great black-guard he was, and thought no end of himself with the women. He set his eyes on Kathleen, and she kept him going for a while. But when she found out what he was like she let him drop quick enough. And that was the way the trouble started. Manus and myself were having a drop in the public house, when a wee lad ran in and told Manus that his sister wanted him. We both went out, and there was Kathleen with three or four women round her and she crying. She wouldn't tell us anything, but the women said that Dan Rafferty was after putting the black word on her in front of them all. Well, that was enough for us. Off we went through the fair, up and down, looking for him like wild men, until after a while we heard he had made off home. So we took the road to Meenaglass. About halfway we caught up on him, and three other men with him. Everyone of them had a big blackthorn stick with a leather strap on the handle of it. When they saw us they stopped, thinking they had an easy job. Manus went into Dan Rafferty like a terrier, with his bare hands, and I faced the other three. It was long odds, but anyone that knew me then will tell ye it was the strength of a horse I had in me. I took the stick off one of them and he ran away. The other two hit me a couple of clouts, but in the end I made them take to their heels. While this was going on Manus and Dan Rafferty were fighting like savages. It's many a time I said to Manus that if he was as good with his fists as he was with his tongue he'd be a wonderful fighter. He wasn't doing too bad as it was, but I shouted out that I didn't come there to see a fight, but to give Dan Rafferty a leathering. So I got him by the back of the neck and I gave him a leathering, and when I was finished with him I threw him into the sheugh like a dead rat. Manus said I might have killed him, but with the anger that was on me the civil a hair I cared.

"We went back then to Kathleen and took her home. Man, there was a light in her eye when I was saying good night to her that made me believe she didn't think Miceal More was as big an omadhaun as he looked. I could hardly feel my feet under me going home to my own house that night. Ye'll see two of the blackthorn sticks there over the fire-place, and I have the other two at home.

"Well, if my heart was in the skies that night, it's down in my boots it was the next morning, when Manus came over to tell me that Dan Rafferty was found half dead in the sheugh by the police, and that they were already out after us. There was no time to be lost. We got hold of all the clothes and food we could carry

in comfort and set out for the hills. It was over on the far side of Altan that we found a good hiding place, a dry cave with the mouth of it nearly covered by the heather. To get there we had to approach from the Dooish end, because the big lake at the foot of the mountain comes right up against a cliff like that wall. We could drop a stone into it from the mouth of our cave. So ye see, it was a good place enough in this way, ye could only get at it from either side, ye couldn't go up or down. Of course we didn't stay there all the time; there was an old woman had a wee cabin on the Dunlewey road, and she was very good to us. Matty the Sexton she was called, because at one time she was Sexton at the Presbyterian meeting-house. Well, that ould woman was a wonder. She would wash for us and bake bread for us, and we not able to give her anything for it. Indeed, for a while we used to catch rabbits in snares and bring them to her, and then she would go into Gort-na-more and sell them. But the ould sergeant there stopped her one day and says he: 'I'm thinking ye must be a very souple ould woman to be catching rabbits, and you all by yourself.' So after that she was afraid to bring in any more game. It was at her house too, that we used to meet Kathleen. Many's the grand walk we had there in the moonlight, and the great view of the sea and the islands spread out in front of us. She and Manus were like each other, their heads were full of stories and learning. Any bit of knowledge I ever got myself I picked it up from them.

"When we had been in hiding for about three months, Kathleen came up one night to Ould Matty's and said the priest had been at her. He told her he thought Manus and myself had been out long enough, and we couldn't be expecting the neighbours to be looking after our places for ever. It would be better for us to come in and stand our trial.

"We talked the matter over there and then, and after a while we decided to take the priest's advice, and give ourselves up the next morning. Ould Matty was very much against it, because the poor soul had a kind of a liking for us, and besides, being a Presbyterian, I'm thinking it's no liking at all she had for the priest. So the next day we walked into Gort-na-more police barrack to the great surprise of the ould sergeant. The trial took place the next week at Dunmore, and Dan Rafferty was principal witness against us. He lied like the divil; said the two of us set on him and beat him, and, of course, we made no defence. The end of it was we got six months each in Derry Gaol.

"There was a man called Black Fairdy at that time in Dunmore, who used to make his living driving prisoners for the police, and with the evictions on, I can tell you it's fine custom he got. It was on his car that we started off from Dunmore to Letterkenny,

about 5 o'clock on a wet evening. Manus and myself were handcuffed together, on the right hand side of the car, and two policemen, with rifles, sat on the other side. One of them was a big lanky fellow called Long John, about six foot four, but the other one was only the regulation height. I suppose they thought it was the right thing to send a big man and a small man in charge of a big man and a small man. Anyway, Long John had plenty of Gaelic, wherever he got it, so that Manus and myself couldn't even have a few words in private. All the same, if ye were looking on at us, ye'd think it was to a picnic we were going, for Manus told stories and the police told more, and even the ould reptile, Black Fairdy, was telling us about all the prisoners that he ever drove to gaol. But the heart was sore in me at the bottom of the talking; to be leaving Kathleen and my own place, and to be looking at the back of Muckish coming like a black wall between us and our little world that night. I had a longing in me, too, for one sight of the islands and the sea, and ould Matty's cottage that had the fine view of them all. The further we drove the more my mind was dwelling on these things, until after a while I began to think what fools we were to give ourselves up. If I could only have got my hands free then, I would have turned round and clattered the heads of the two policemen together, even if we were caught afterwards. I knew that Manus was of the same way of thinking as myself.

"Well, we didn't meet a soul on the road from the time we left Creeslough until we got nearly into Barnes Gap, when we heard the sound of a horse coming towards us at a sharp trot. The rider came up out of the mist until he was about a hundred yards from our car, and then he spurred his horse and galloped past us in a flash. We saw the reason for his hurry as he went by; he had a keg of poteen behind him on the saddle, and he must have spotted the police. Long John was right mad, because there were great rewards for any policeman who found poteen or got on the track of a still. Manus tried to comfort him by saying he might have better luck next time. And, indeed, the chance wasn't far off, for when we had gone on about another half mile what should we see but the smoke of a still rising in a little boreen on the left hand side. The police leaped off the car, rifles and all. They stopped and looked at us for a minute, as if they thought we might run away, but they apparently came to the conclusion that two handcuffed men couldn't run very far if they tried, for after a little whispering they started down the boreen. It was then Manus said to me: 'Miceal,' he says, 'now's our chance. I can get my fist through the ring of the handcuff.' And with that he gave a twist and he was a free man. I used to be joking at him at times and saying that he had little hands like a woman, but in troth they came in useful that night.

We jumped off the car, told Black Fairdy we would brain him if he moved, and watched for the police to go out of sight. Then the wonderful thing happened, and this is no lie I'm telling ye. The earth just opened and swallowed them. We saw them running down the boreen, unslinging the rifles as they went, and the devil's own commotion going on among the people at the still. Suddenly they disappeared, went down into the ground, and I could just see Long John's helmet sticking up out of the grass. It was a little while before Manus and I could make out what had happened, and when we did we could hardly speak with the laughing. A pit had been dug in the boreen, filled with water, and covered over with grass and light sods to make it look even with the rest, and the police had run into it. I can tell ye we didn't wait to see them flounder out. I was for giving Black Fairdy a clip that would sicken him for a while, but Manus wouldn't let me. He was always a merciful man. So we just tied him with the reins to the car, pulled the nosebag down over his head, and took to our heels across country. Afterwards I heard that all the people at the still got away, bringing the poteen and the worm with them. We slept at the foot of Muckish that night, and the next day we reached our own cave on Altan. When Ould Matty came to know we were back she said it gave her another ten years, and off she went and down to Gort-na-more to get Kathleen. Well, we were on the run for three months after that, till Kathleen came one day with the news that Dan Rafferty had gone to his end in a fight at Tarmon Fair. Someone let light into him with an ashplant, and he never recovered. At the same time she got the hint that our affair had blown over, and that if we came back quietly to our own places nobody would interfere with us. So we went back, and Kathleen and myself got married. Ould Matty danced at the wedding, and stayed in the house with us afterwards until the day she died."

Miceal More paused. "That's the end of that story," he said. "They're both gone from me now. Kathleen is lying in the old graveyard at Magherabegley, and we're going to leave Manus beside her to-morrow." Some of the women began to cry. Miceal More rose from his chair and turned round to them. "Maybe ye have heard it said," he remarked coldly, "that when the great ones of Ireland in ancient times came to their death there was nothing vexed them so much as to have people crying after them. The man lying in the room below was a true man and a brave man, and it would be little to his liking to have people keening for him. If it was a quiet prayer ye had now, it might be useful. I'm going to say one myself."

He went down to the room, his great form stooping a little as he passed through to his friend, and shut the door behind him.

Book Reviews.

THE RISE OF THE IRISH LINEN INDUSTRY. By Conrad Gill.
Clarendon Press, Oxford. 16s. net.

The Hon. Emily Lawless wrote a *History of Ireland* in which she dismissed, as unworthy of notice, the centuries' old records of our story, prior to the arrival of Henry II. of England, with whom Interest and Civilization were born. Another sapient sage drew the veil of oblivion over Gaelic Ulster's glorious past for more than a thousand years, and announced that it bespoke attention when James VI. of Scotland ascended the throne of England. In the same disingenuous mood Mr. Gill discovers that the "Irish linen trade was largely a growth of the eighteenth century," and so dismisses its antecedents as beneath notice: "we need not pay much attention to its earlier history." Yet the references to that industry reach back to the borderland of Irish mythological fancy. Generously he concedes that "flax-growing and linen manufacture were ancient occupations of the Irish people; but the manufacture must have been almost entirely that of narrow cloth, 12 or 14 inches in width, known as 'bundle' linen of Ireland, and the chief export trade was undoubtedly in yarn." This is dogmatism without knowledge. Had Mr. Gill made independent investigation in the Corporation records of mediæval Chester and Bristol alone, not to add the archives of Oporto, Spain and France, he would not have served up such a sorry, sparse and tasteless dish of scraps. Even the printed documents of the English Government in Ireland, the Blake Family Records, the various wills and municipal books, if studied, would have made such a statement impossible by any scholar. The common clansman was wont, "for wantonness and bravery" to sport 30 to 35 yards in his garb. Act 28th, Henry VIII. (1537) forbade any person to wear in "shirts or smocks, above 7 yards of cloth, to be measured according to the King's standard." It is true that where the English King's writ ran linen yarn was the more common form of export. Prior to 1580 the true records of Ireland's industrial and commercial activities are to be sought in Continental archives. Some day an Irish Government will, it is hoped, send out its own scholars to gather this still unknown grain. Galway, Limerick, Cork, Youghal and Waterford exported linen cloth to England, as well as to Oporto, Portugal and Spain throughout the Middle Ages. The reviewer possesses ample proofs of this fact. Even such an oft-cited authority as *The Libel of English Policy* has been given the go-by by the author.

This is the only work of its class in Irish commercial history. For the Linen industry alone was not ruined by England. It owed its continued existence to the fact that, after the rooting out of the lords of the Gael and Sean Ghall from the home of their forefathers, it did not stand in the way, like our other handicrafts, of English wealth and greed.

From the eighteenth century, where Mr. Gill's knowledge begins to be first-hand, until 1815, he is most informing. Indeed he has given us a very erudite and often charming volume, instinct with high scholarship. It stands alone, unapproachable. It is no mere rehash of known works and thread-bare data, like so many treatises on Irish economics; it is the outcome of independent, deep, and scientific research, expounded in a delightfully lucid manner by one whose technical competence is evidenced in every chapter. Incidentally he casts new and interesting light on the ways of the workers, the local marts, the see-saw of prices and wages, on the whole fabric of Ulster life pertaining to the craft. It is a living, moving scene, painted with the truth and the wealth of minuteness of an historical Teniers. The old-time engravings, photographed in this volume,

are quaint and delightful. There is no more entertaining and instructive *cicerone* than Mr. Gill as he expounds, from the soil and seed, to the finished article, the life-story of a piece of "lin-cloth." The pictures dealing with Pulling Flax, Rippling, Steeping, Hackling and other processes, are more elucidatory than any printed text—to the mere layman.

The volume can be confidently, even enthusiastically, commended to every worker in Irish economics, to every discerning student of our history, as worthy of study, worthy of careful preservation.

The *format* maintains the high reputation of the Clarendon Press.

SEAN GHALL.

THE LIFE OF THE BAT. By Charles Derennes. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15 Bedford Street, London. 6s. net.

Animal studies, books about birds, beasts, and fishes, have a charm only if they make their heroes intimately understandable to us, make them, as it were, human and yet keep them faithfully in their caste. Thompson Seton is my standard for animal studies. Strange as his stories sometimes are, they are always believable simply because the truth is being told, and, without knowing that it is the truth, one senses that it is. His tales are told with a simplicity and an insight, with an evident yet unobtruded scientific knowledge, and with a humanness which makes the heart beat faster when Little Warhorse, the rabbit, has a narrow escape, and brings a real lump to the throat when Redruff, the partridge, dies by a trapper's hand. Therefore, when *The Life of the Bat* came for review, I opened it with Thompson Seton's story of kingly bats in my mind. At first I found no similarity whatever. Here was no royal "winged brownie"; and, what I missed more, no directness or simplicity of narrative. Charles Derennes is too concerned with philosophical speculations, with memories of his childhood, with countless little unimportant things aggravatingly and incessantly introduced until the whole of the last of the seven "Books" into which the "Life" is divided has not a word in it about bats, but talks of the Great War, the future of man, God, everything. And yet, though I raved at M. Derennes for his digressions, I liked his book, and—which is no small tribute—liked it despite what seemed to me a clumsy and stodgy translation. I even found in it, from the third "Book" onwards, a similarity with what is best in Seton: that is, a real knowledge of his subject and a love for the little animals whose life story he tells. If in his opening chapters, M. Derennes appears to condemn and despise his bats, this becomes merely a pose as he progresses with his biography. I would question, however, the suitability of the title. It is not of *the* bat; that is, the whole family of bats, that M. Derennes writes; but, apparently, of the least blessed of the species: one which he calls "the most piteous little beast under the skies." To this "noctilionid" he allows but ten minutes continuous flight, which, seemingly, so exhausts the flier that it must rest anywhere, on anything, before it can resume its aerial hunting. As some bats migrate, flying thousands of miles over the sea, and beating even the swift-winged swallow itself in the race to the sun of the south; as others remain on the wing all through the night and as almost all are strong fliers, this species M. Derennes treats of must be of poor family. But I am convinced by the wisdom and keen observation shown in the other parts of the book that he has described the poor flying capacities of his particular bat correctly. Lovers of nature will learn a great deal from M. Derennes. His "Life" is well, patiently, and interestingly done, despite translation and digressions. The volume is charmingly bound and printed.

CECIL O'HANLON.